

A
COLLECTION
Of Original
COMIC SONGS
and others,

Never before Published.

By ODDIBUS, FUNNYBUS, Esq.

Asmatographer to the Court of COMUS.



Printed for the AUTHOR.

108. A. 53.

Harding C 772





SONG I. POMPADOUR.

RECITATIVE.



H E N Gazette told how Britons conquest
won,

Lo Fame, to Lewis thus, " Conquest is
done,

No more with Albions cope, your Gauls
from Britons run,

Now mounted high their dreadful banners

America is theirs, no more your Slave, (wave,
whilst Vict'ry hails them good and brave."

A I R. Thy ruin, oh! Lewis, thy Subjects relate,
Whilst Madamoiselle, guides the Helm of the State,
Bold Rochester said, to one rul'd Charles of Yore,
But she cou'd not compare with your fam'd Pompadour.

Once beautiful Nelly, the fair Spartan dame,
Drew after the Greeks, and fire Troy, in a flame,
When she fled, with young Paris, to Illium's proud shore,
But she cou'd not compare, with your fam'd Pompadour.

On Persia's fair plain's, there Semeramis the bold,
Was just fir's the same so tradition has told,
And Rome too cou'd boast, of fair Julia, that w—e,
Yet there's none e'er came up with your fam'd Pompadour.

Greece and Rome, lost their glory, and Kingdoms must fall
Whilst Brim—s in pow'r, roll Fates crushing ball,
Thus France, 'tis with thee, whilst your rul'd by a w—e,
And Perdition attends, on your fam'd Pompadour.

R E C. The grand Monarch, he heav'd a sigh,
Thus wretched made by Pompadour.

" Must France then fall, must Lewis dye?
Has virtuous England ne'er a Whore?

A 2

A I R

A I R. Yes England has her favourite Toast,
 That trudge it up the Mall there,
 Miss Kitty F—r, rules the roast,
 She's now the reigning Girl there ;
 But tho' a Prince, and eke a Lord,
 With her have had great sport fir,
 Yet still 'tis true upon my word,
 They keep her from the Court fir.

Then boast no more your salique Law,
 A Brim—e, France now rides a
 There Puss—e guides the Lyon's paw,
 For the noble Beast provides a,
 Such, such, as he plac'd at their Helm,
 Must make the Nations wonder,
 Then France, behold yon rising Realm,
 To whom you must knock under.

S O N G II. On the Bucks.

Tune, Since we my good Neighbourstoil'd hard at the plow

C O M E here my brave souls who'd aspire to be great,
 Ambition's high summit come hither and climb
 We'—t you five hundred a Year an Estate,
 With the name of a Buck, a Title sublime,
 'Tis here is the antidote cures all your sorrows,
 And you'll rise the next morning quite free from the horrors
 The hero of Prussia, drives on to the war,
 And strikes all the nations around him with fear,
 Gets Honour and Fame too from ev'ry fear,
 From peace and from Freedom, the Bucks get it here,
 'Tis here is the antidote, &c.

We've nothing to fear we're greater than Kings,
 Our innocence gives to dread conscience repose,
 There's Lewis and Portugal; two wretched things,
 Their grandeur alas! is surrounded by Foes.
 'Tis here is the antidote, &c.

Whilst

(5)

Whilst thus we agree, Unanimity's band,
True source of all harmony, binds ev'ry breast,
Whilst Fame is loud sounding thro' each hapless Land,
The British Bucks, only are souls that are blest,
'Tis here is the antidote, &c.

SONG III.

Tune, Cæsar and Pompey were both of 'em horned.

AN address has been made to the King of Great Britain
Cause false toes at Louisburgh, soundly are beaten;
The Trophies which Amherst took from Frenchmen quack-
king,

Are given in return, Sirs, if I'm not mistaken.

Chor. Did you see the sight, as it past thro' the City,
On my Faith and my troth, it was wondrous pretty.

These scare crows on poles as they past along sir,
Midst shouts and applause of the thinking breath throng sir
Are just to the City as a fair face a pimple,

And they frighten'd they say all the Rooks from the temple

To see the Guards mounted on Horses, that eaper'd,

With their flaming drawn swords Lard how they vapour'd,

Men Women and Children from each Street court and alley

Came out for to see the grand Rag's took from Gally,

The Man at the helm he'll soon want the short stuff sir,

The City can lend him, ay lend him enough sir,

That these things are bought then 'tis easily founded,

And famous St. Paul's is the place where they're bounded.

If this is the thing then there needs no more preface,

And our worthy Citizens, who shall dare deface,

Tho' the difference is great 'twixt the May—r and Jack

Sragman.

His L—ds—p, in my eye, was but an old rag man.

SONG IV. Tune, come to where the choice spirits are

BRITANIA now rous'd, has her fury unloos'd,

And points out the death bearing Lance,

Great Mars by her side, once Britons chief pride,

Down trampling the vain shield of France.

Awoke from her Trance, with frown bent on Trance,
 The Goddess of Britain behold,
 Her Sons sighing stand, to obey her command,
 Lost Fame to retrieve double fold.
 'Tis Liberty's call, take your Powder and Ball,
 Prepare for to meet your proud foes,
 Great dangers ne'er fear, great glory is near,
 And Conquest on Valour bestows.
 With Patriot steel, make your Enemies feel,
 For Vict'ry your Botoms let burn,
 Then place on your brow, the fam'd virgin bough,
 And Beauty shall bless your Return,
 Like your Fathers of Old, in Fame be enroll'd
 By actions to merit the wreath,
 For your Girls and your wives, you venture your lives,
 And honour your gaining in Death.
 At our Country's last gasp, let us sting like an asp,
 The war sanguine Field let's explore,
 With shouts to the sky, let's conquer or Dye,
 Who'd live when freedom's no more.

SONG V.

O F all the nymphs my soul subdu'd,
 Or I with eager fondness woo'd,
 Suke, Nancy, Fanny, Dolly,
 There's none can boast each matchless grace,
 That revels over th' enchanting face,
 Of fair but cruel Polly,
 With language soft I did impart,
 The secret impulse of the heart,
 Yet she grew coy, to prove me,
 Nor could I ought of comfort gain.
 Nor this one single boon obtain,
 Oh! Polly say you love me:
 Then on my knee, I did implore,
 And vow'd how I, did her adore,
 But she with scorn look'd on me,

Her

Her frowns too great, can't be express'd,
 They pierc'd alas! my tortur'd breast,
 And Polly has undone me.

SONG VI. Tune, I love Sue and Sue loves me.

THERE'S one Harry sings 'bout the Hanover horse,
 And 'toker he's calling my Lord Mayor an ass,
 Not those but a Dish, for true pallets I'll fir,
 And I'll sing you a song 'bout the great Mr. Pitt,
 Cho, Hail the found, in Chorus round,
 Make no delays, but give three Huzza's,
 A Patriot in Britain is still to be found,
 This Patriot all Patriots, he strives to excell,
 And that Gallia reduc'd, each News paper will tell,
 Our Fleets are well man'd, and good Officers found,
 Who bravely advance on the enemies ground.
 His schemes, like his name sir, they deeply are lay'd,
 And for his poor Country he's only afraid,
 He fears not proud France, see he's cut the cock's comb,
 He's only afraid of the Foxes at home,
 Says one a brave Fleet, tho'tis nought but a yoke,
 They'll do nothing at all sir, they'd not strike a stroke,
 But barkee my friends, I've still farther to say,
 At Sherourgh, pray who was it then run away,
 To always be Victor, sir, that's not the case,
 So then we'll not mention what past at St. Cass,
 But we'll take a large Leap, as you know't in our power,
 And view British Colours, on Louisburgh tower,
 There's no great occasion I think for totell,
 At Senegal there, what poor Monsieurs befell,
 But let it suffice that they'd ne'er easy be,
 So we quickly resolv'd, and strait conquer'd Goree,
 Let other Crown's boast of their soldiers and sailors,
 There's none to compare with the brave British Fellows,
 Fort du Quesne is no more, tho' the place is in fame,
 Being honour'd you know now, with Pittsburgh by name,

Whilst

Whilst he's at the Helm, see what Glories arise,
 Like Prussia we learn all our Foes to despise,
 Then take off a bumper, if one ~~you~~ can get,
 And let this be the Toast, to brave loyal Pitt.

S O N G VII. Tune, Daniel Cooper,

I'LL sing no songs of Kings: nor Queens,
 Who sole delights in warring,
 My gentle Muse, now fly's the scenes,
 Where Men 'gainst Men are sparring,
 A Nymph divine, inspires the line,
 Who's ever Jim and Natty,
 She is so fair none can compare,
 With lovely blooming P-y.
 Were I a King, I'd leave my crown,
 And all the cares of State fir,
 Lean on her Breast, and think a throne,
 Was never bliss so great fir,
 I'd nothing mind, were she but kind,
 [And Grandeur that wou'd flat, be,]
 With her I'd rove, blest'd with her love,
 With charming blooming P-y.
 Like Helen, she's genteel and fair,
 All Beauty's center'd in her,
 With waving Locks, of golden Hair,
 Happy's the Lad, who'll win her,
 With nimble tread, she sweeps the mead,
 And looks like Venus, at Sea,
 When drawn by Loves, and Turtle Doves,
 So fair is lovely P-y.

S O N G VIII. On a late Expedition, Tune doodle doo

THIS World's a Cheese, each one's a Maggot,
 From Purple, to Tarpaulin Jacket,
 And whilst we live we make a racker, Doodle doo,
 Your court worms they to fear are wedded,
 With heads that's long and deeply leaded,
 Such as our Expedition headed,

The

The French had some few Maggots creeping,
 We had more, but they were peeping,
 Or in Wars council, all a sleeping,
 At home our Lob worm's discontented,
 Our city worm, swears he'll resent it,
 And some great Maggots, may repent it.

Pubean Maggots make a buffle,
 Shall these blood worms, pray use us ill,
 On! that we had but Blake and Russell.

S O N G IX. Tune, Where's my swain so blith & clever.

UPON this bank of rising flow'rs,
 Johnny sung each pleasing Ditty,
 With smiling love beguil'd the hours,
 What he said, or did was pretty,
 But now he fly's the Girl he lov'd so,
 And wings his way to Pastorella,
 Ah cruel swain, alas! it's prev'd so,
 You now slight your sighing Bell a
 The Brook that's winding thro' the meadows,
 Oft times heard you falsely swearing,
 Whilst I to pieces pull my head clothes,
 And my golden ringlets tearing,
 Ye wafting Breezes to him whisper,
 All my griefs to him go tell a,
 From morning to the Evening vesper,
 Sighs the lost and undone Bell a.
 Why study I the Art to please him,
 Stockings silk my legs look charming,
 O! now I wish I'd strove to tease him,
 My gay dress was too alarming,
 My Bosom bare as is the fashion.
 Brought him soon his Tale to tell a
 Which soon became a lawless Passion,
 And ruin'd quite the wretched Bell a.
 Thy Absence sets my soul a madding,
 O where shall I stray to find thee?

With what new Nymph art thou gadding,
 What new Beauty's chains does bind thee?
 Let me but see my happy Rival,
 I my griefs no more will tell a,
 But to my lonely Grave go I will,
 And I'll dye your faithful Bell a.

SONG X. Tune, A lovely lass to a Fryar came.

SOME tune their Song, of Phil, and Clot,
 (By Jove 'tis all a Folly,)
 Of Girls in high life, and in low,
 From Charlotte, down to Dolly.
 In flowing numbers, I also,
 Will sing of charming Polly.
 More sweet than Summer, breezes are,
 Or Flow'rs of the Vally's,
 On Ida's Top, then Venus fair,
 Amidst her verdant Ally's,
 My Poll, she is without compare,
 She beats your Suke's and Sally's.
 Her Bosom's like the fallen snow,
 Her eyes bright dart their lustre,
 We meet a charm above below,
 And wise Minerva nurs'd her,
 And cherry Lips, so sweet I know.
 But how? because I've buss'd her,
 Then since in her the graces join,
 And all is in perfection,
 Ye Gods give me the Nymph divine,
 Who's Heav'n in her complexion,
 And make her but for ever mine!
 In Lovers warm Connection.

SONG XI. Tune, My Soldier Laddy,

YE Sons of the Grape, fill your Glass to the brim,
 Hail Bacchus, our God! let's drink unto him,
 Let Heroes be fam'd, renowned in Battle,
 At nothing we aim but to conquer the Bottle.

Tho'

Tho' Prussia's great King has the Nations subdu'd,
 And Victory floats on the thick Stream of Blood,
 Tho' valiant and mighty, renowned in Battle,
 He still may be beat by the Power of the Bottle.

'Tis Wine that inspires the high chearful Song,
 'Tis Wine that can lay the great Hero along,
 There's Ajax, Achilles, renowned in Battle,
 Have sometimes been beat by the Pow'r of the Bottle.

As great as young Ammon each Soul must appear,
 When drunk with good Wine, he nothing will fear,
 But like th' Immortals, with Giants wage Battle,
 And all by the strength, the strength of the Bottle.

We're Friends by the Glass, and we're greater than Kings,
 We look down with scorn on Beer drinking things,
 we reel home defying our scolding Wives prattle,
 When fill'd with the Juice, the Juice of the Bottle.

The DROVER. A CANTATA.

R E C.

AS Mud-legg'd Tom his Beast to Market drove,
 Near Smithfield Rounds he saw his tuck'd up Love,
 'Twas Milk Maid Sue, he knew her by her Tail,
 That swinging Gate she had twist Pale and Pale,
 But more her Voice confirms the low Life Beau,
 When loud she cry'd, Milk Maids! Milk Maids below;
 From pointed Stick his Oxen lympt along,
 Whilst he the Nymph address'd with Flatt'rys Song.

A I R. Tune, Daniel Cooper.

Well overtaken bonny Suke,
 Behold your faithful Drover,
 You beat the Morning's rosy look
 So much you shine above her;
 The praise of Breath these Cattle blow,
 Are now not worth the telling,
 Since those Perfumes that round you flow
 More sweet are to the Smelling,

R E C

R E C. Suke smiling lookt beneath his Hat's flap brim,
She sigh'd, she languish'd — thus she sung to him.

A I R, Tune, Young Colin was the bonniest swain.
Thy Cheeks O, Tom, does all excell,
Nor thy red Oker looks so well,
You beat the sun at noon,
But Oh ! I with the time was near,
Which you dear Tom so oft did swear,
Shou'd make of us two one.

R E C. Tom; knew the hint, but lo! his scatter'd Herd,
Some here, some there, one up Long-Lane steer'd,
He leaves the Nymph, pursues the cloven track,
Hallo! You sir, In the head O'hair, turn that bullock back

A I R, Tune, Ye Nymphs and Swains that sweetly play,
Thus Love we see is made a Jest,
And he deceives who will protest,
Of each degree they've learnt an art,
To conquer a poor maiden's heart,
And when they do their wish obtain,
They leave the Nymph to sigh in vain,
But oh! ye swains to be renown'd,
In Love, be ever faithful found.

S O N G XIII.

R O U S ' D Europe now is up in Arms
Bellona spreads the dire alarms,
The Trump of Fame with martial sound,
The admiring world reecho's round.
And Prussia's King in dread array,
Strike's neighbouring monarchs with dismay
He has the sword already wield,
And dy'd with Blood the warring field,
From Iron mouths grim Death is hurl'd
And mimic Thunder frights the World,
Whole Armies now for fight prepare,
And King's invoke the God of War.

Brittania

Brittania once rose high in Fame,
 No state but dreaded Britain's name,
 As far as is the farthest shore,
 Albion's Lyons been heard to roar,
 France does England now deride,
 Rouse up and crush the Gallic pride.

SONG XIV.

NOT Morn, that beams the solar Ray,
 Lights up the dawn, and gilds the Day,
 Nor Cynthia, Queen of Night,
 Such dazzling Brightness darts around,
 As in the many Charms are found,
 Of charming Lucy White.

Who gazes, loves, and must adore
 And prove a Flame unfelt before,
 With wonder and delight.
 Her waving Ringlets black as Shoes,
 And Breast more clear than fallen Snows,
 Add Grace to Lucy White.

Majestick in her Air and Mien,
 She looks and moves a Cyprian Queen,
 And charms the Lovers Sight.
 But, oh! her Frowns they give Despair,
 And then the Breast full fraught with Care
 Must die for Lucy White.

SONG XV. On the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day.

Tune, In Anson and in Warren wake,

BEhold Britannia's Genius thine
 Replendent on her martial Sons,
 And points to glorious Georges line,
 A youth bred under Albions Guns,
 Cho. To him ye Britons homage pay,
 And joyous hail his natal Day.

Ye Gulls, now tremble at his Name,
 Wailest british youth's the Hero sing.

From

From Gallia's blood he'll purchase Fame,
 And Glory poiz'd on Honour's wing,
 Illustrious Youth thy grand fire bright,
 Like Phœbus gilds fair Albion's plains,
 When his fair beams shall set in night,
 Thou art the hope of British swains,

In record Hero's are inscrib'd,

Then haste and let your Cannon's roar,
 This day a Prince in fame's enroll'd,
 The future dread of Gallia's shore.

SONG XVI. Tune. Nancy Dawson.

THUROT had long been North about,
 And Boys in vain to seek him out,
 Perhaps he thought the man too stout,
 Or else not worth the plunder,
 Mean while the Gallic hero shone,
 At Carrickfergus points the gun,
 Which made the Paddy's all to run,
 And fill'd dear Joy with wonder.

To Belfast then they scamb'led fast,
 And Frenchmen after, to the gate,
 Who gave dear joy a broken pate,

That could not stop the evil :
 No ammunition there was found,
 That would a meagre bougre bound,
 And being thus, alas ! aground,
 The French were damn'd uncivil.

Like homer's heroes once renown'd,
 Behold them stooping to the ground ;
 With bricks and stones they did abound,

They'd those, if they'd no other,
 The dear joys did the best they could ;
 By Jove right manfully they stood.

And tho' they lost but little blood,
 They did the Frenchmen bother :

Now captain Elliot he receiv'd,
 The news, how Thurot Paddy griev'd ;

He quickly fail'd, and soon reliev'd,
 The famous make-bull nation,
 Broadside for broadside now they give,
 When Thurot's life death did receive,
 And those who did the fight out-live,
 We took with small persuasion.

Dear joy he now may safely creep,
 Thurot no longer rides the deep,
 And Boys again may go to sleep,
 As he has done before, sir.

To Elliot let the glass go round,
 His praises thro' the island sound,
 To him, and those that dare be found,
 To fight for us on shore, sir.

S O N G XVII. Bread and Cheese and Kisses,

LAST time I saw my Chloe's Eyes,
 As usual first our talk was Love,
 But suddenly as Topicks rise,
 So we to other Subjects move,
 I ask'd if she had din'd, on what,
 For nought with us amiss is,
 She to my question answer'd pat,
 On Bread and Cheese and kisses.

Now could you think I'm Jealous grown,
 Indeed 'tis true as I am here,
 But yet on me she ne'er did frown;
 Then Rivals I've no need to fear,
 Yet still alas! 'twould pierce my Breast,
 If ought I've done amiss is,
 To make her with another feast,
 On Bread and Cheese, and kisses.

Come Hymen God of nuptial band,
 And light to Hymeneal bliss,
 I have a heart, I have a hand,
 A dowry good, I'll give her these,

What

What is more choice, then truth to give,
 To that all wealth amiss is,
 Possess'd of her content I'd live,
 On Bread, and Cheese and kisses,

SONG XVIII. On King George the Third.

COME, come advance ye jovial Throng,
 'Tis George inspires, and claims your Song,
 Britannia's hopes and pleasures Ray,
 Dispensing like the Beam of Day.
 Cho. Lads and Lasses, join the ring,
 Come let us Dance, let us Sing,
 And hail with Joy, a British King.
 July it was from Julius nam'd,
 Augusta great made August fam'd,
 To Cæsar, then your Lyre's tune,
 To George, and sacred month of June,
 Wars dreadful shouts that pierce the Air,
 And wound Humanity a far,
 Aw'd by his Frown, shall quit the Field,
 And Mars to softer withes yield.
 Woo'd by his smiles, the silken Veil.
 Of peace unfolds with Virtues gale.
 Shews half her charms with decent Pride,
 And longs to lay her by his side,
 Hail thou that decks the Fertile Plains,
 The comfort of the rural Swains,
 On Britons, deign oh! deign to Smile,
 Let peace, with plenty grace our isle.

SONG XIX. Tune, Daniel Cooper.

YOUR fav'rite Toast, have all been sung,
 In pleasing sounding measure,
 Each Poet has the Lyre strung,
 The muses darling treasure,
 How shall I then, employ my pen,
 Or think of ought that's clever,

For who can praise, the beamy ray's
Of lovely Betty Weaver.

Andromeda bound to the rock,
Fir'd noble Perſeu's breast, ſir,
Who gave the Monster many a knock,
And wou'd not let him rest, ſir,
Who wou'd not ſlay, his three a Day,
Without or Shield, or Bever,
And Hydra's head, I'd quickly ſpread,
For lovely Betty Weaver.

When Theſeus Ariadne ſtole,
The King of Crete's fair Daughter,
He ſoon did on the billows roll,
And left her o'er the water,
He ſaw ſhe was a homely laſs,
And therefore did deceive her,
She wanted grace, and that ſweet face,
Of lovely Betty Weaver.

His great companion Hercules,
Had laid aſide his Clubbing,
Thought Yoel was the ſweeteſt Laſs,
From her he'd take a drubbing,
With her all Day, he'd ſit and play,
At night he ne'er would leave her,
Gad! ſo wou'd I, I long to lye,
With lovely Betty Weaver,

Shou'd Jove himſelf attempt the Laſs,
I'd ruſh th'o all his thunder,
And hold her with a cloſe embrace,
We ne'er would part aſunder,
I'd ne'er reſign, ſuch bliſs divine,
For who cou'd ever leave her,
The Lightning's blaze, ſhou'd end my days,
I'd dye for Betty Weaver.

SONG.

SONG XX.

Tune, farewell my bonny bonny witty, pretty Moggy,

Rouse, rouse, ye british hero's rouse to deeds of glory,
 And hurl afar, vindictive Thunders on the foe,
 With your native Genius fir'd drive the gaul before ye,
 And let th' uplifted arm now strike the dreaded blow,
 Let flying Bullets wing the Pervious Air,
 While Drums and Trumpets swell the sound of War,
 Till mighty Honour's crown the gallant Tar,

Then let your brazen Cannons roar,
 From Albion to the Gallic shore.

Now on the ambient Billows British Glories riding,
 That scourge to France and wonder of th' admiring world,
 Collosos like o'er Neptunes sea green Palace striding,
 Or Jove when he to earth the daring Giants Hurl'd,
 'Tis Liberty that gives the loud alarm,
 Our King our Country bids the Britton arm,
 And Death upon the Patriots brow can charm.

Then let your brazen Cannons roar,
 From Albion to the Gallic shore,

SONG XXI. Tune, Come Britania shake thy lance

Dingley's Fielding's plan survey,
 See the famous structure rise!

Youthful Beauty's born away,

From the youths of Briton's Eyes.

Cho. Think grey hairs for you was born before us,
 You begun Love's tune, We bear a chorus.

You have Wives and Daughters fair,

Such honour Albion's Women gain'd,

They may fall into the snare,

By manly Youth from bliss restrain'd,

The wanton Miss, that tramp's the town

Make's your home kept daughter's chaff,

If not for them, the veriest Clown,

Woud force your Wives to be embrac'd

Think

Think of Matrons screaming loud,
 Ravished Virgins crys to meet,
 Boyling Youth to blifs will crowd,
 And Nature call's a human beat.
 Trace far back the days of yore,
 Women ever wou'd be kind,
 If they a Jail's dread scene explore,
 The secret thoughts, what Jail can bind.

S O N G XXII.

MAKE ready my Lads, 'tis to Comus we steer,
 To add to our joys, and dispel all our care,
 'Tis Comus invites you, with all he makes free,
 Then who'll be so joyous, so joyous as we.
 Cho. Full of Mirth is our song, full of mirth are we men,
 Then let us be droll fir, replenish the bowl, fir,
 We'll drink and we'll sing boys again and again.
 We ne'er see a Night but we wish it to stay,
 We ne'er see the Morn, but we wish it away,
 The God as he flies we with mirth still implore,
 But if Time will come round what can we do more,
 Shou'd Sleep dare invade us that terrible foe,
 That frigh'ens from mirth, and our drinking also,
 In dreams then in darkness, again we'll run o'er,
 The scenes that delighted few hours before.
 We'll make care to fly, and place joy in his seat,
 In spite of the devil, when to drinking we set,
 Then choice spirits companions your voices let ring,
 Full of mirth, full of song, to Comus let's sing.

S O N G XXIII.

YE Queens that dye Germania's field,
 And crimson all the plain,
 If prussia all your troubles yield,
 Why quick dispatch the man,

To blood and death the hero dare,
 With all the implements of War,
 And learn the way to beat him:
 Your spite and malice now display,
 Let thousand's fall e'er morn,
 At your armies head let wing his way,
 Your fav'rite marshall Daun,
 For there by chance a fatal Ball,
 May far to fight, great Frederic's soul,
 Why that's a way to beat him.
 Send Russia's bears unnumber'd forth,
 To crush the monarch down,
 Where one might fail complete with both,
 Then seize the hero's crown,
 Destroy his subjects, Berlin sack,
 And ev'ry cruel method take,
 The surest way to beat him.
 Let ev'ry effort now be try'd,
 With armies him surround,
 'Gainst four to one we're satisfied,
 He cannot stand his ground,
 But if despair shou'd make him fight,
 And put your num'rous bands to fight,
 That's not the way to beat him.
 But Torga's field does plainly speak,
 That frustrates all your hope,
 From whom will you most comfort seek,
 The Devil or the Pope,
 Submit or be and sue for peace,
 Let dreadful war and tumult cease,
 'Tis plain you'll never beat him.

SONG XIV. The Death of Pompey, a Cantata.

R E C.

WHEN fatal edict issued forth,
 To kill with mean dogs, dog of worth,

Old sirly,---He applauds the deed,
The doom fixt on sagacious breed,
And orders Pompey out, for he must bleed.
Sleeping he lay in Cynthia's lap, a,
While she in tears, address'd her angry Pappa.

A I R, Oh ! my dear Pappa, I prithee do spare him,
Let me entreat you, do, let Pompey live,
If John should hang him, to pieces I'll tear him,
For when he's gone, to death I shall grieve,
Oh! pity your poor child,
For if Pompey is kill'd,

I then shall sink down to the grave,

Must we then part, my dear Pompey for ever,
Shall I ne'er stroke thy long tail and curled hair,
Nor with your ears play what never no never ?
Nor hear you bow, wow, at Puffs, in the chair,
They're more mad then he,
That made this sad decree,

Then cease to hurt Pompey, Oh! Pappa, forbear.

R E C. He stamp't upon the floor, with eyes endam'd,
And the old Sire, to Cynthia, thus exclaim'd!

A I R, Hence thou stubborn girl, -
Get you gone, haste away,
For your Pompey shall
Dye to day.
Whine and cry
What care I,
Huffy, hence, I say.

R E C. And now behold the slender cord,
With fatal noose, put Pompey's neck aroun',
His Mistress screams, there s no regard,
They quickly raise him from the ground,
He soon his dogship's life, in cackling lost.
While Cynthia, thus bewails his recent ghost.

A I R, And art thou gone, that us'd to play,
And frolick round me all the day,

When Damon's absence made me sad,
 Thy wanton tripping made me glad,
 Had ev'ry man but his deserts,
 What trade there'd be for Tyburn carts,
 Tho' coxcombs, took thy life away,
 Thou wast not half so mad as they.
 But Damon enter'd---Cynthia's pride,
 And soon her watry eyes, he dry'd,
 Poor Pompey's fate, no more can move,
 He calm'd her breast, with peace, and love.

S O N G XXV. Miss Polly Sleep.

W H E N tiptoe on the eastern hill,
 The God of light the shades expell,
 And infant day begins to peep.
 Such beauties, charm our wond'ring eyes,
 But greater charms, the soul surprise,
 Of blooming Polly Sleep.
 Name all that can excite desire,
 That can the softest wish inspire,
 And makes the bosom leap,
 'Tis all in vain for to oppose
 The beauties, that superiour glows,
 In blooming Polly Sleep.
 Soft as the dimpling gliding stream,
 Or love sick poets tender theme,
 Or downy Zephyrs sweep,
 While thus the ev'ry grace imparts,
 No wonder that she conquers hearts,
 Oh ! charming Polly Sleep.

S O N G XXVI.

Tune, I'll sing you a song, it shan't hold you long.

U N D E R Ferdinand brave, Britons well did behave,
 When the foot, boldly bore on the foe,
 And so would the horse, but their head was an ass,
 He wou'd not pursue 'em, —no—no.

So great were his fears, it plainly appears,
 His L—dhip, he lik'd a whole Skin,
 But so ragged his fame is, he nought but the name is,
 His honour is blown mighty thin,
 As a breath fir's of wind, from before or behind,
 This bubble's no more when we've won her,
 Quo h he scratching his head, brother Falstaff cou'd read,
 I like well his notions of honour,
 Why the w—il shou'd I, run the hazard to die,
 In pursuing yon runagate banners
 If Monsieur is too rough, we've those fools enough,
 Let bald pate,—go teach him,—his manners,
 Whilst I am life coaxing, let him be the French boxing,
 To death, he's a servant quite handy.
 In this general dewel, is there s—d—l so cruel,
 As that R—k—y murderer G—by.
 I am sick to the soul, let us leave this sad broil,
 To those knock down's, the French there a beating,
 Fear spurs in my sides, see who fastest rides,
 Half a mile, will be Sir's,—good retreating.
 Then bespoke his dear, boys, depriv'd of their joys,
 Intreating his l—dship to plunder,
 O, dear, good my l—d, see what sport they afford,
 There's no danger,—the French, they knock under.
 But frighten'd,—lo!—hark, this,—'tis the noise of the
 With what vengeance he aims every blow, [Marquis,
 For your lives, run away, lets get out of the fray,
 We will not pursue 'em,—no! no.

S O N G XXVII. Tune, Whilst we my good Neigh-
 bours toiled hard at the plow.

W H I L S T here my brave boys, we've soak'd hard at
 the bowl,
 Our sorrow, is o'er, and thank each for his song,

And whilst we can fuddle, and smoke on my soul,
 To each of my friends, my strains shall belong,
 Cho. 'Tis boozers alone to great Bacchus belong,
 And Bacchus shall crown, both the finger and song,
 We toppers are funny, all comic and free,

When e'er we do meet at a beer or punch club,
 From glasses or tankards, drink blith as a bee,
 For garter and star your french claret's the bub
 Believe in me toppers, hoist oft to your lips,
 Our quick drinking always shall make us be gay
 And whilst we can handle our glasses and pipes,
 The hours themselves shall our drinking repay.

SONG XXVIII.

SAY lovely peace that grac'd our Isle,
 Why you with draw the indulgent smile,
 Is it you fly the sons of fame,
 That they the pride of France may tame,
 Cho. For Mars is rous'd by wars alarms,
 And calls the Britons forth to arms.

Our chiefs renown'd upon the main,
 Once more in arms, shine forth again,
 Whose steady courage dares oppose,
 And stem the power of Gallic foes.

What state but does his fate explore,
 Where e'er the British thunders roar,
 All, all, must in subjection bow,
 And to Britania's sons 'tis due.

As Rome of old her terrors hurl'd,
 And prov'd the mistress of the world,
 The globe itself must subject be,
 To Albion's sons who rule the sea,
 Arise arise to wars great call,
 Prepare to meet th' audacious gaul,
 And in reward for all your toils,
 Return with victory and spoils,

SONG

SONG XXIX. Tune, Derry down.

A B—stone of honour, renown'd and of fame,
 With Lewis of France, was playing a game,
 'Twas Cribbage, they term'd it, but they could not do,
 So to their assistance, they call'd t'other two,
 The Sweed he respected this famous grand w—e,
 Then baulk such a cause, why he'd put in for four,
 The mistress of bears, so polite and so great,
 To aid her dear sister, put's in for the plate.
 For partners, they cut (now I tell you no fib,)
 The cards are dealt round, each lays out for the crib,
 They waited the turn up, all anxious at heart,
 And behold 'twas a king, 'twas Prussia did start,
 They held but bad hands, tho' he fifteen'd 'em all,
 Made pairs and pariols, with seconds at call,
 On the pack thus high mounted, thro' time he survey'd,
 And he found by their hands, 'twas for Prussia they'd play'd
 There had like t'have been words t'whom the crib did be-
 Tho' Hungary and Lewis, declar'd for it strong, [long,
 But rather then make many words 'bout the game,
 They all soon agreed to have share in the same.

Tune, As Kitty beautiful and young,
 Now on the blooming flow'ry green,
 Late natures chiefest care,
 The fatal cannon there is seen,
 And tents point in the air,
 Ill fated pow'rs, such worth to prove,
 To call the hero on,
 So giants, once with heav'n strove,
 But soon were tumbled down.

SONG XXX. Ode to Glory.

R E C.

HAIL sacred influence of the poor divine,
 Great source of arts, and arms, immortal hail !
 B 4 To

To thee the warrior, bows! to thee the nine,
And bards inspir'd, with lowliest reverence vail-

A I R. Descend celestial guide once more,
And deign to bless thy fav'rite isle,
Revisit now thy once lov'd shore,
Ah! smile, immortal glory smile.

R E C. When Britain rose the first in fame,
Her sons had caught thy gen'rous flame,
Again oh! goddess, fire each breast,
Let glory, stand alone confess'd.

A I R. Again her bards, shall strike the lyre,
And rouse her sons to martial fire.
Her wrongs revenge, her rights maintain,
And ride triumphant o'er the main,
Or dye with blood the hostile plain.

S O N G XXXI. Duet.

H E. **C O M E** now to the woods lets away,
[There tales to tell I've many,
To pass the time in sport and play,
And love waits there for blooming Jenny.

S H E. I know your wish, should I go there,
And sure you can't think I'm so silly,
There's nought that's bad, but you will dare,
But not with me my simple Billy.

H E. Have you forgot the Woodbine shade?
Where love did beds of roses carry,
When there in am'rous folds you laid,
And clasp'd around the sickle Harry.

S H E. Ill manner'd clown, I this deny,
[And soon you may repent your folly.]
Can you forget the fatal joy,
You had with poor, and helpless P. H. y.

H E. Forgive me fair I here recant,
Let's think no more of P. H. y, or Harry,

Then

Then fear'less we the Woods, will haunt,
But first dear girl, let us go marry.

S H E. Kind swain I take you at your word,
Nor think no more of Hall, or Polly,
Then taste each sweet the Woods afford,
When virtue whispers, 'tis no folly:

B O T H. Then let us haste, make no delay,
Nor longer thus let's live asunder,
We will be join'd this very day,
And live around a rural wonder.

S O N G XXXII. Tune, Lucy Cooper.

NO more shall Fanny Murray boast,
Nor swain inspiring Cooper,
No longer they shall rule the roast,
But far behind must troop fir,
Superior grace, demands the place,
And makes a mighty bustle,
Each nymph shall fly, with envious eye,
The charms of Polly Ruffel.

Fair Leda, was a fool to her
Tho' she commanded thunder,
Who with great Jove, made such a stir,
And Juno's right did plunder.
Wrapt up in down, the god had flown,
Elsewhere his beak to nussel,
Had he but seen, the graceful mien,
Of charming Polly Ruffel.

Minerva, Juno, Venus, stood,
Once all together naked,
Ye Gods! there, was your flesh and blood,
I'm raptur'd while I speak it,
Had Poll, with him, been in that trim,
And giv'n the am'rous juggle,
Paris the ball, had kept from all,
And chuck't it to Polly Ruffel.

There's Hellen too, the pride of Greece,
 Was that great ages wonder,
 Yet she was an imperfect piece,
 Tho' Paris, she lay under.
 There's no compare, 'twixt Polly, and her,
 Let poets, make a fuss still,
 So great the charms, within the arms,
 Of blooming Polly Ruffel.
 She's beauteous, and she's likewise kind,
 She'll pity sighing lovers,
 She breaths consent, the healing wind,
 Nor will she be above us.
 A stamp, in gold, let her behold,
 You've entrance to her muffle!
 There give and take, for giving sake,
 From blooming Polly Ruffel.

SONG XXXIII. Twelfth Night.

Tune, Fair Thief.

LET joy go round, the twelfth night crown,
 The swains bloomena's power own,
 We gaze with transport on your eyes,
 We see your fair hand draw the prize,
 Ma's fair nymph, just so was seen,
 When Paris nam'd her beauty's queen.
 Charming bloomena, beauteous maid.
 Loves softest fires each breast invade,
 So many ways you have to charm,
 You can the coldest bosom warm,
 Who views thee must its passion prove,
 Indeed thou'rt queen! thou'rt queen of love,
 Proclaim aloud ye nymphs and swains,
 Proclaim around the vernal plains,
 Bloomena's queen, the lovely fair,
 Now guides the Citherian car,
 Then haste begin the rural scene,
 In show'ry pomp adore your Queen.

SONG

SONG XXXIV.

BOLD Britons advance, put an end to the war,
 To subjection bring Gallia once more,
 Let victory float on the echoing air,
 And tame sound the tings on shore
 Cho. Bring sweet blooming peace the delight of our plains,
 To comfort the hearts of the nymphs and the swains.
 The laurel and myrtle together entwined,
 Send Mars, to his Taracia once more,
 Bring Bacchus, the gay jolly god of the vine,
 Bring the horn of great plenty to shore,
 See Liberty smiles and rejoices again,
 In hopes that her sister once more,
 The delight of the hill the delight of the plain,
 May return to her dear native shore.
 We'll form the gay ring, and we'll bound o'er the lawn,
 (And taste of sweet pleasure once more,)
 To the sun's western beam, from the ray of the dawn,
 Whilst freedom shall reign on our shore.

SONG XXXV. A New Song.

OWHAT a sad life I have led,
 From blooming fifteen till I married,
 Grown weary of being a maid,
 'Twas for a kind husband I tarried.
 My mother grown old, was a devilish scold,
 And many hard names she would call me,
 I from top to toe, was black as a shoe,
 For terribly too she would maul me.
 A girl that's grown ripe for a man,
 Such usage cant bear let me tell ye,
 Wou'd Polly, or Betsey, or Nan,
 Wou'd you Miss Jenny, or Nelly,
 When fit for a wife, and live such a life,
 Where there's nothing but scolding and thumping,
 No, no, but as I, from a mother wou'd fly,
 In the arms of a husband be jumping.

A bonny

A bonny young lad, came at last,
 The parson his part quickly inumbled,
 Thus courted and wedded in haste,
 My furly old mother still grumbled.
 Now I care not a straw, she no longer can claw,
 With tongue and with nail sadly treating,
 My cares are all o'er, on wedlock sweet shore,
 And Johnny faves many a beating.

SONG XXXVI. Knight of the Primmer.

THE Mayor of London, address Sir's the King,
 On the prince grown mature, come to years twenty-
 And with him in company, such a poor thing, [one,
 Can you guess who I mean?—The c—k of the town.
 Of titles, and honours, most men, they are fond,
 Poor Hodge, he was willing to fill up the farce,
 Besides Sir the pleasure to kiss the king's hand,
 But George, he knew better,—so turn'd him his a—e.
 The sword being sheath'd, now our Quixot look'd pale,
 G—yn, then silyly whisper'd the L—a D—J—a-r,
 When he with the king Sir, did quickly prevail,
 As he redrew his sword,—he put Hodge in a fear.
 With awkward confusion, he knelt on his knee,
 George with his drawn sword, he look'd grimer & grimer,
 Then stoop'd from his dignity,—rise up quoth he,
 Rise up Sir J—es, knight of the primmer.
 This honour, they say, it has turn'd his poor brains,
 If any he had, (tho' there's no one Sir clear in't)
 So little his loss, and so great are his gains,
 Since being a knight,—and turning fool errant.
 There's knights of the garter, and knights of the star,
 And many a knight, is a son, of a w—e,
 But I never yet knew, in my life time, negar,
 Of a C—k, a C—k,—that was knighted before.

SONG XXXVII.

WHEN morning streaks the eastern skies,
 And gilds the dewy lawn,

what

What beauties fill our wond'ring eyes,
 That hill and dale adorn,
 But sweeter far is to the sight,
 A form that I can tell,
 The day it self, is dark as night,
 Compar'd with Lucy B—.

Let breezes, fan the the sighing grove,
 And spread the balmy gale,
 More grateful sweets can Lucy prove,
 Then flow'ry painted vale.
 Majestic, noble is her mien,
 The graces round her dwell,
 The pride of swains, and beauty's queen,
 Is charming Lucy B—.

Love's beams are sparkling in her eyes
 The roses deck her cheek,
 Her hair in waving ringlets lies,
 Adown her lilly neck.
 What raptures must the swain possess,
 Who tells his love sick tale,
 Who charms the fair, with equal bliss,
 The charming Lucy B—.

SONG XXXVIII.

MONG'ST the nations around, bright sol he shines
 None so hard as the Briton to please, [on,
 And when pleasant, to keep in good humour the Man,
 More cunning asks twenty degrees.

As a Cork in the Thames, keeps bobbing along,
 With the high and the low wave it sails,
 In the tide of a court, so says my bold song,
 The ebb, then the flood, still prevail.

To day with their hands and their caps mounted high,
 Great Pitts praise, is wasted around,
 To morrow alas! and for not knowing why,
 In disgrace the great patriot is found.

Thou

Thou art right then to fly from to huckle a group,
 With an angel they'd be in a pert,
 Still keep up your honour, and scorn for to stoop,
 Your dignity thews like great Pitt.
 We are children when young, so we are when we're old,
 Once a man, twice a child, says the phrase,
 And old boy attempts at the reins we're told,
 Britain's chariot, to guide in full blaze.
 So Phaeton mounted the sun's blazing car,
 Thro' the bright starry region the flew,
 Swift vengeance o'er took him before he got far,
 Upon him Jove's thunder he drew.

S O N G XXXIX. A Birth Night Song. Tune, Scotch
 Bonne.

C O M E fill your glasses, drink a health
 To him, whose natal day's come,
 May he in that abound, and wealth,
 What ever years there may come,
 Now opportunity let's seize.
 And by the forelock hand her,
 Devoted only for to please,
 Now mirth and joys attend her.
 Tho' as the feirking year wheels round,
 With cares and pleasures blended,
 And grief and sorrows plaintive sound,
 O'er earth and man's extended.
 With soul elate, lets drink and sing,
 The brimming bowl exploring,
 Come let us toast a british king,
 Whom all the world's adoring,
 Huzza! my boys, tho' sixty years
 shou'd silver over our noddles,
 Ne'er mind if Bacchus he appears,
 Tho' drunk, he laughing waddles,
 Fun sits upon his wreath bound brow,
 And still the God looks younger,
 Then drink my lads, be merry now,
 With years, let mirth grow stronger.

S O N G

SONG XL. Tune, May Rats and Mice consume his Threads.

MA Y brickdust light upon his hones,

When e'er he sets his razor,
And rheumatism, infect his bones,
And plague him night and day sir.

Oh! may his wife, clap on his brow,
Horns that are both wide and tall,
And may the damps, in sink below,
Then waft away his wash ball.

May's prentis spoil his razor strap,
And put him in a passion,

May ev'ry man still wear a cap,
And wig's be out of fashion.

So may the fates upon him frown,
Whither he's Buck, or Mason,
And may he often tumble down,
And bruise his pewter bason.

And while he lives, still may grim death,
With meager looks pursue him,
And run the barber out of breath,
Then thrust his dart quite thro' him.

And when his life wings thro' mid air,
And leaves his clay below Sir,
Then may no one his bones inter,
But lay above for show, Sir.

That ev'ry one may see the man,
Ill fortune so attended,

But since alas! poor puff is gone,
My malice here is ended.

SONG XLI.

ONCE more more my good fellows, launch out on the
main,

(At home, here's a damnable racker.)

Jack Spaniard, you must trim his jacket,
His intolerance punish and curb, once again.

Chorus,

Chorus, Then Britons, strait, the sword advance,
 And humble Spain, you've humbled France,
 On board, on board, each valiant tar,
 And plunder get in a Spanish war.

Howe'er like his neighbour, he vainly may brag,
 Let him know that we'll make him knock under,
 When we give him a peal of our thunder,
 Does he think to out brave, (lads) the bold british flag.
 Cho. Then, &c.

Let 'em dig in their mines, 'tis for Britons they toil,
 When brave tars we lay hold on their collars,
 When we ran sack, and seize all their dollars,
 Returning well laden with victory and spoil.
 Cho. Then, &c.

We are ready prepar'd, we have powder and ball,
 And Frenchmen on head we've been knocking,
 Blood and wounds to us now, are not shocking,
 Jack Spaniard so haughty before us must fall.
 Cho. Then, &c.

Remember the fam'd Antigallican's prize,
 The usage they gave Captain Foster,
 My lads make 'em say paternoster,
 Tell their beads, thump their craws, and lift up their eyes
 Cho. Then, &c.

But yet I could wish that we'd will at the Helm,
 'Sblood and death, how the Ship would be steer'd Sir,
 With him why there's nought to be fear'd Sir,
 Tho' waves, mountains high, the mast over whelm.
 Cho. Then, &c.

SONG XLII.

A SLAVE to fair Lucinda's power,
 True, I have been many a day,
 What tho' the's like an April flower,
 And blooming as the fragrant May,
 Yet I forsooth like errant knight,
 Must round the world declare it,

That

That she's a peerless beauty bright,
 But I'm a fool to bear it.
 Each swain whose breast beats love alarms,
 May think his nymph without compare,
 So she to me appears all charms,
 And sure I think their's none so fair,
 Oft at her feet I tell her this,
 A thousand times I swear it,
 Yet ev'ry thing she takes amiss,
 But I'm a fool to bear it.
 'Tis this occasions ev'ry hour,
 Some great dispute betwixt us too,
 She cries make known my beauty's power,
 Or on my word 'twill never do,
 If you're in love she cries aloud,
 That all the house may hear it,
 To praise your mistress you'd be proud,
 But I'm a fool to bear it.
 Ere long the time will come, when we
 In Hymen bands must fast be noos'd
 Our friends have all agreed d'ye see,
 Then I expect to be abus'd.
 That time when ere it comes I dread,
 And sure I ought to fear it,
 She will be master then, egad,
 But now I'll never bear it.

S O N G XLIII. Kennel Raker:

TH O' I sweep to and thro', old iron to find,
 Brass pins, rusty nails, they're all to my mind,
 Yet I wear a sound heart, true to George our king,
 And ragged and poor, with clear conscience can sing,
 Tho' I sweep to and thro', yet I'd have ye to know,
 There's sweepers in high life as well as in low.
 The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,
 That thou'd pay the poor soldiers, that honour does hurt;
 The

The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,
So he gets but the ready, the rable may jaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I'm told that the Parson, (for I never go
To hear a man preach, what he'll never stick to)
'Tis all for the sweepings he tips you the cant,
You might pray by your selves else, depend Sir's upon't.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps us from this Life, we cannot tell where,
And to what place we go the doctor don't care,
So he brings in his bill, your long pusses to broach,
Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Your council may plead, but pray what is it for,
His eye's on your fob, as he chatters the law,
Tongue padding, he rakes you, and sweeps you quite clear,
Of what's better then iron, you need not to fear.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best, in what station we are,
For the grand sweeper death, we can better prepare,
Your statesman and parson, your physick and law,
When death takes a sweep are no more than a chew.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

SONG XLIV. Duetta.

HE. COME you from the wake pretty maid,
And no kind youth by your side,
All alone, are you not afraid,
To wander by this wood side,
When no one is near, and such beauty would fire
The breast of a Hermit, and give age desire.

SHE. Then where is the danger young swain,
Where beauty has pow'r to charm,
While gazing, 'tis you feel the pain,
And yet want the pow'r to harm,
My beauty this moment may charming appear,
But this beauty can frown and give black despair.

HE

H E. Twe'er pity to spoil that fair face,
 Where nature's best skill is shewn,
 Just so envious clouds as they pass,
 Oftentimes shadow the sun,
 Good nature my dear will still heighten your charms,
 Be kind, let me shield you in these longing arms.

S H E. prithee stand off, pray don't be rude,

I want not your care not I,
 I ne'er was in this manner woo'd,

'Tis time for a maid to fly,
 Farewell silly swain now how foolish you look,
 As silent and mute as a fish in the brook.

H E. Yet stay thou dear and charming maid,

For 'tis love and Hymen waits,
 My fears, my withes have betray'd,
 While your scorn my love creates,
 Except then fair maid of my passion so pure,
 Which while life shall last will most faithful endure.

S H E. You've won my heart gentle swain,

Nor wou'd I longer be free,
 But fast bound in Cupid soft chain,

Who'll be so happy as we,
 Each sun dawning eastward shall shine on our joy,
 And no care shall each night our pleasures destroy.

BOTH. Come then let us haste and away,

Now to the temple let's fly,
 'Twere dang'rous to make a delay,

Now when our wedding's so nigh,
 Then live an example to each nymph and swain,
 And be fam'd for the happiest around the gay plains:

SONG XLV. The bonny Lass of Highbury,
 Tune, the Lass of Aberdeen.

COME here ye swains, that rove the plains,
 On sunday round fair Islington,
 Attend my verse, whilst I rehearse,
 You that call for Ale and Bunn,

It's of a belle, I mean to tell,
Where beaus do oft meet o'er their tea,
My muse displays dear Jenny's praise,
The bonny Lass of Highbury.

Of each degree you there may see,
Come far and near to tell their tale,
The young the old, the wise the bold,
Where she perfumes the passing gale,
Of her own sex some shew respect,
And some with envious eyes do see,
Such charms alone, confin'd to one,
The bonny Lass of Highbury.

She's to the view, [what poets drew,
The queen of love in all her charms,
And to her eyes a sacrifice,
Ten thousand hearts beats fierce alarms,
Happy's the youth, who loves with truth,
And with the fair one sips his tea,
I should be glad, to win the maid,
The bonny lass of Highbury.

White conduit now, no more shall flow,
With shining nymphs and powder'd beaus
Nor Pancras claim a place in fame,
And Copenhagen, nought bestows,
At Cambray house, who'd spend a souce,
Or up to Hornsey trudge with glee,
Since none can boast, so great a toast,
The bonny lass of Highbury.

SONG XLVI. The Bugg, Tune, What you please.

GOT in a poet's garret, where
The walls with rhymes we're charcoal'd o'er,
Of furniture 'twas very bare,
A bed, and bedstead all his store.
To get him weak small beer and gin,
The bedstead's to a broker sold,
To shift the scene, I did begin,
And for a new one, left the old.

A foot.

A footman, and a servant wench,
 Just married, came and bought the same,
 Beneath their heads I did intrench,
 And listen'd to their sportive game.

One night a spark, when spouse were out,
 To pleasure ma'am, with heat he glows,
 And while intranc'd in am'rous bout,
 I took my lodging in his cloaths.

He with a lawyer's wife made free,
 And left me on a bed of down,
 Bought as 'tis said with clients fee,
 But there I staid not long in town.

I strait was mov'd to country house,
 where P—n cassock often came,
 Not liking me no more then louse,
 He gave me to a village dame.

Of stroling player, she was fond,
 When they upon the couch were laid,
 And love's am'rous lesson cou'd,
 His blustering made me sore afraid.

But being willing still to see,
 Each change of life I sily stole,
 Upon the buskin. He plac'd me,
 On madam queen's inchanting hole.

Thro' all the sock I quickly ran,
 But once a beau all daub'd with lace,
 (From him my ruin strait began)
 He catch'd me crawling on his face.

Puking at such a sight as I,
 He quickly threw me on the floor,
 I crawl'd to Cloe's bed just by,
 And reinstated was once more.

But he fair Cloe did perfware,
 A bugg trap instantly was brought,
 And at the bedstead head was laid,
 At morning I poor, I was caught.

For busy Jenny, prone to Ill,
 Soon seiz'd the trap with scurril breath,
 Resolv'd upon, and bent to kill,
 A hundred with me put to death.

S O N G XLVII. Bonny Scott, or the B—sh Mare.

L E T Gallia's Cock his feathers prune,
 And Dutch pursue their wonted game,
 Let Austria sing the self same tune,
 And the white horse neigh loud for fame.
 Let Prussia's eagle wing his way,
 And talons strike in Russia bear,
 At home alas! what must we say,
 Now S—d rides the B—h mare.
 She went her paces very well,
 At walking, canting, or a trot,
 And it was thought would gallop still,
 Beneath the weight of bonny S—t.
 But lo! the truth I'll tell to all,
 And therefore your attention beg,
 This hapless mare has had a fall,
 Alas! poor beast, and lost one Legg.
 Tho' great's her loss, their beams a ray
 Of comfort on the gentle beast,
 Of water store, of corn and hay,
 Each inorn she has a plenteous feast,
 But where do we our praise owe,
 To him that provender does get,
 Not to yon glitt'ring northern beau,
 But honest hostler, William Pitt.
 Oh may her Legg meet with a cure,
 That he who takes the reins in hand,
 May sett more safe, and ride secure,
 The gardian of his native land.
 May he once more in Legg confide,
 And ever keep brave Pitt in view,
 He well may trust those whom he's try'd,
 Two worthy Britons just and true.

S O N G

SONG XLVIII, Description of the Theatre,
Tune, Shawn Bree.

I V E wrote something new,
But with much adoe,
My brains I believe they were addled,
I the nine did invoke,
From my dream then awoke,
And Pegasus mounted when saddled,
I let loose the rein,
When he scou'd o'er the plain,
In the theatre strait I was set down,
With the strange mottly crew,
I the mine did pursue,
In the fam'd rendezvous of this great town.
To the gods I uprear'd
My head, stroking my beard,
And the goddesses seated so lofty,
Tho' no lightning there shone,
Yet they still thunder'd on,
And loudly it bellow'd, " off! off! t'ye.
Next gallery below,
Drew attention also,
Who I needs must confess were more quice,
'Twas enough for to scare
Each poor mortal there,
When the gods just above made a riot.
With eyes turn'd askance,
Then kcast a side glance.
In the slips, so well form'd Sir for billing,
Where thro' pocket hole,
The hand sliely is stole,
When wanton miss, she's pleas'd and willing,
But so brilliant the sight,
I could gaze all the night,
The front boxes, made such a show Sir,

Some squinting thro' glasscs,
 Some og'ling their lasses,
 Each gay belle, and fine tinsel'd beau Sir.
 When lo! in the Pitt,
 I beheld the dull Citty,
 The templer and others contriving,
 Says one, " This new play,
 Shall we damn it to day ?
 In vain with the town, it's thus striving,
 The rules not dramarick,
 The sense not poetick,
 Then sure you will ne're let it go so,
 Agree nem, and eon,
 Enough said, and 'tis done,
 Besides Sir's, the plot,—'tis, but so, so:
 Now enter'd the King,
 And the whole house did ring,
 Huzza! George the Third, 'twas for ever,
 Each god op'd his mouth,
 " May so godlike a youth,
 His love for his people ne're sever,"
 When the curtain drew up,
 I behind the scenes did pop,
 And fondly I whisper'd this pray'r,
 That long might he reign,
 His honour maintain,
 And encourage the poet, and play'r.
S O N G XLIX. On Sr. R—G—n being made a Buck
 and member of Parliament. Tune, Ge up Dobbin,
MY good friends I pray you attention now give,
 Or I'll ne'er sing a song more as long as I live,
 I'll tell you a story, a story so rare,
 About a grand Buck that was made a Lord Mayor.
 Bucks lodges will flourish you need not to fear,
 What a dust they'll kick up, for to get next the chair,
 Propose but your deputies their sure to stand,
 Look big, and hope that next year they'll be grand,

This

This post with such fame, and such honour is all'd,
 This Buck the whole city with wonder beheld,
 They tip him the beck so he strait ventur'd down,
 And he's now grown the greatest Buck in London town.

As a Buck he'll be true to his country and King,
 And he'll scorn to be seen in a d—d dirty thing,
 Then a fig for proud Gallia, we'll not care a louse,
 Since now sir's we've got a grand Buck in the house,
 The lady's must love him, nor turn up their nose,
 For doubtless a Buck has oft turn'd their cloaths,
 Thro' their means they flourish, tho' not one in ten,
 Like him will e'er rise to be parliament men.

That true Bucks are scarce, it is very well known,
 Yet I think we've got a staunch Buck on the throne,
 And two more as good, sir, his temper to hit,
 Hark! honesty's trumpet sounds Legg and a Pitt.

When foxes and asses the lyon surround,
 There's nothing else then but deceit to be found,
 Their country be d—d, whilst they're sharing the chink,
 In the nose of old England they've made a d—d stink.

But brave Bucks my good friends, now alters the case,
 And good Bucks they only are fit for the place,
 The wide spreading antlers the member adorns,
 And freemen find shelter from under his horns.

The King he for ever was fond of the chase,
 Yet nothing but fools he o'ertook in his race,
 But to make great amends for the fools that are past,
 He's hunted and got Sir's a good buck at last.

Then haste and away to the fun quickly go,
 Be made a Buck first, then seek out for your Doe,
 Who knows what may happen, shou'd fortune bid fair,
 You may jump from a grand Buck, Sir to a Lord Mayor.

SONG L.

LUCINDA does the muse inspire,
 And gives my soul poetic fire,
 Now bid the nervous numbers flow,

Parnassus mountain's lofty height,
 And Pegasus's soaring flight,
 The muses to my theme must bow.
 When fancy views her radiant charms,
 Each moment gives us fresh alarms,
 And does the breast with rapture fill,
 Tho' absent still, Idea paints,
 Her ev'ry grace that so enchants,
 Like Venus on th' Idalian hill.

Eurydice's fam'd Orpheus once,
 With music mov'd the trees and stones,
 And rapid currents stop'd to hear,
 When she explores the trembling strings!
 When she in sounds divinely sings!
 What wonders fill the extatic ear.

SONG LI.

LOVE long has reign'd within my breast,
 And I've had lovers plenty,
 With kneeling swains my pride's been blest'd,
 From fifteen years to twenty.
 Great while it is, upon my life,
 I think I'm mighty silly,
 For now I long to be a wife,
 And teign wou'd marry Billy.
 The lad is virtuous, kind and true,
 Genteel is his behaviour,
 He never yet has dar'd to sue,
 For an immodest favour,
 Should he again ask me to wed,
 I think I'll not be silly,
 With glowing cheeks, and blushing red,
 I'll go to church with Billy.
 I shall be happy then I'm sure,
 Possessing such a treasure,
 When marriage makes him mine secure,
 And Hymen gives us pleasure.

I then

I then shall throw off all restraint,
 And be no longer silly,
 No more shall bethe coy young faint,
 But go to bed with Billy.

SONG LI.

WHERE ever I go to, there's Jemmy appears,
 And when ever he speaks, he's always in tears,
 He talks of my beauty, how great is his love,
 And hopes that in time I'll his passion approve,
 If not, why he'll dye, and find peace in the grave,
 On him I ne're frown'd, then what wou'd the youth have.
 He picks all around the sweet produce of spring,
 And each morning to me the chaplet he'll bring,
 Tho' frag'rant each bloom that composes the wreath,
 He tell, me, that sweeter by far, is my breath,
 Then begs for one kiss, but a couple I gave,
 If that is unkind, then, what wou'd the youth have.
 We walk'd hand in hand, tother day thro' the grove,
 For a conquest compleat, he ardently strove,
 Talk'd all the fine things, that we maids will believe,
 And vow'd by his passion, he'd never deceive,
 I knew not his meaning, no answer I gave,
 I love him, he knows it, what wou'd the youth have.
 I told to my mother, what Jemmy had said,
 And now I'm convinc'd of the game he'd have play'd,
 The next time we meet, I shall be very plain,
 He must wed me, or he's no longer my swain,
 Let the priest make us one, its all that I crave,
 I'll grant my dear Jemmy, what ever he'll have.

SONG LIII.

THE Sun arose to gild the plain,
 And call up ev'ry rural swain,
 When as I trod the flow'r rob'd way,
 I met with fair Lucinda gay,
 The happy moment I embrac'd,
 And clasp'd her round her lovely waist,

When she, pray Sir, what's all the stir,
 " Their's none shou'd make a fool of her.
 The morn was fair, and Flora spread,
 Her sweets on ev'ry primrose bed,
 I strongly urg'd the maid to bliss,
 While now and then I stole a kiss,
 Said she you know 'tis April day,
 Then I'll be wise and go my way,
 But from the place she did not stir,
 " Yet none shou'd make a fool of her.

I took the hint, and led the fair,
 Within the shade was growing near,
 The air serene, nor mov'd the wind,
 And charming lovely Lucy kind,
 Ye lovers think our bliss was great,
 And charming was the close debate,
 whilst thus in mutual joys we stir,
 Think you I made a fool of her.

SONG LIV:

LO Fame with wide expansive wing
 Extends afar from pole to pole,
 Hark! hark, ye Britons, hear her sing,
 Music divine! it strikes the soul,
 She trumps and spreads abroad the sound,
 Whilst Hawk and Anson echo's sound.
 Respect proud Gallia,—(now no more)
 Great Malbrough see to actions rise,
 His blood long dreaded by your shore,
 Again to death and vict'ry flies,
 You sink if he our armies head,
 And Hawk and Anson's squadrons lead.
 To swell the chearful shout, lets hail,
 Our hero next, the gallant How,
 Already France her sons bewail,
 Whilst grov'ling in the dust they bow,
 Strike Britons, strike! enhance your name,
 Tis freedom points the road to fame.

SONG

SONG LV. Tit for Tat,

Young Strephon woo'd me long before,
 He found he had his conquest sure,
 The lovely Swain I did adore,
 And thought I had his heart secure,
 But he sometimes too, like his sex,
 Will be displeas'd nor know for what:
 When to I'm sure to make him vex,
 And that you know is Tit for Tat,
 He once took pet, I can't tell why,
 I'm sure I thought I'd lost him then,
 And freely could that moment die,
 When Jenny he address'd again:
 My panting breast heav'd with strange fire
 My little heart, went pit a pat,
 To be reveng'd was my desire,
 And only give him tit for tat.
 Within these walks, I met him once,
 My lovey swain, and rival too,
 The haughty youth did nought but founce
 I gave him in return his due,
 As well as he I had my pride,
 Nor curtsied I, nor wav'd his hat,
 whilst Colin he walk'd by my side,
 And that you know is tit for tat,
 This took effect, he quickly came,
 And humbly kneeling at my feet,
 Beg'd I again would meet his flame,
 And Hymen should our joys complear,
 I took him then just in the mind,
 Which pleas'd the youth no doubt of that,
 And he pleas'd me in being kind,
 So that you know was tit for tat.

SONG LVI. Tune, Deserve to be reckon'd an Ass.

OLD Codger, Giles Jones, he lately brought home,
 A lass that was tempting and gay,

Quoth

Quoth the old fox, abroad no more will I roam,
 I'm easy until my last day.
 As yet unenjoy'd, Jack, his son spy'd the maid,
 He tip't her the wink for a sign,
 She smil'd, took the hint,--a wanton young jade,
 She look'd like a goddess divine.
 The old man, he miss'd 'em, and jealous of both,
 Quickly searches all over the house,
 Not finding 'em, as he went hobbling forth,
 To the stable crept soft as a mouse.
 When got to the place, (thought the old one I'm right)
 And claping his ear to the door,
 Thought something he heard, but to get at the sight,
 He quickly bound in to be sure.
 No sooner he enters, but strait with his eyes,
 Beholds what he's past to have done,
 And vext at the scene, enrag'd thus he cries,
 And loudly bauls, Sirrah, get down.
 Ye youth quite obedient, directly dismounts,
 Obeying the fatherly call,
 And expecting with Sire for to ballance accounts,
 On the ground he was ready to fall.
 But the days of his youth flowing into his mind,
 On that he reflected awhile,
 So the blooming young lass to his son he consign'd,
 As being more fit for loves toil.
 To old age my song a lesson is meant,
 Giles Jones, he has laid down the rule,
 Let youth couple youth,--or you'll have no content,
 Who contrary acts, is a fool.

S O N G LVII. Riano and Camilla.

Riano. **T**H E verdant fields around are gay,
 And all adorn'd with blooming flow'rs,
 Bright Phæbus too with chearful ray,
 Adds sweetness to the groves and bow'rs,

Since

Since you my fair thus blest my sight,
 (O! let me gaze with transport tender)
 For you glad nature gives delight,
 Since thus returns of love you render.

Camilla. With equal pleasure, too I view,
 Around this prospect so inviting,
 But blest'd with my Riano, you
 It is, that make these scenes delighting.
 My beating heart is ne're at peace,
 In vain the tuneful birds are chanting,
 These beauteous scenes my cares increase,
 When absence makes your presence wanting.

Riano. Since thus our mutual passions meet,
 And fair Camilla thus confesses,
 Let Hymens bands our joys compleat,
 And let me claim your fond caresses.
 In nuptial bliss our joys shall move,
 Intruding care shall ne're oppress us,
 O'er pleasures sweets we'll freely rove,
 Whilst our united love shall bless us.

Camilla. When blushing maids severely coy,
 In silence seem their wish denying,
 Their cheeks confess the rising joy,
 And paint the virgin's thought complying.
 To hide our wish it is in vain,
 Here take my hand my heart for ever,
 I'll share all ills with thee my swain,
 Till death alone this union sever.

SONG LVIII. Cantata.

LUCINDA fair inspires the poets lays,
 On whom the raptur'd swains with wonder gaze,
 But Strephon had in secret woo'd her long,
 And gain'd th' ascendant o'er the subject throng,
 As mist before the eastern beam so they,
 When he appear'd like clouds dispers'd away,

Happy

Happy Strephon, happy swain:
 That can thus subdue the fair,
 Thousands now must sigh in vain,
 Thousands languish in despair,
 Whilst you thus possess alone,
 All her lovely beauteous charms.
 Nought could tempt you (not a throne,
 From the circle of her arms.

The happy nymph and swain replete with love,
 To Hymen sacred, fain with joy did move,
 Each grace attends and to the temple goes,
 To deck the pair, and hear their faithful vows,
 Now harmony conducts 'em hand in hand,
 Whilst peace and concord joins the social band,

Fly discontent and in thy stead,
 Plant joys around the nuptial bed,
 Let smiling pleasures flow,
 May all their future days like these,
 Swell with felicity and ease,
 And distant from 'em woe.

May heav'n that virtuous contracts love,
 Indulgent to their wish approve,
 The blissful moments trace,
 Grant that their love may never cloy,
 And give to heighten ev'ry joy,
 A pleasing prat'ling race.

SONG LIX. Genius of England to Britania,
 An Ode, Tune, Farewell by bonny, witty pretty Moggy.

BEHOLD says Britain's genius, yonder streamers
 drooping,

Lo France with all her pride, now crush'd & bending low,
 With up rais'd hands to Albions sons, see! see! they're
 stooping,

T'avoid the stroke, and plead to win a gen'rous foe,
 Sound! sound! the trumper sound of echoing fame,
 From shore to shore, around the world proclaim,
 (The world that dreads the British name)

Cho.

Cho. For who can o'er you conquest gain ?

You rule the globe, who rule the main ?

Yet weep, Britania, weep, mid'st conquest high exulting,

For glory in laurel'd charms excites the rolling tear,

What tho' you triumph, (such from noble deeds resulting)

Yet grief, with solem pace, attends the victor's car,

Wide where the mingled streams of hero's tell,

How worthy gallant Britons fought,—how well,—

There Wolf for thee,—most bravely tell !

Cho. Then who can o'er you conquest gain ?

You rule the globe, who rule the main ?

Paternal tribute paid, Britania, cease your weeping,

Haste where thy social sons in jocund songs prevail,

Of thee, they sing, fair freedom's vernal harvest reaping !

Where Bucks, with sounding mirth and harmony regale.

There drink the flowing glass, and drain the bowl,

Toast Townshend, Saunders, ev'ry British soul,

On shore, or on the billows roll,

Cho. For who can o'er you conquest gain ?

You rule the globe, who rule the main.

SONG LX. Recitative

T Was on the flow'ry banks of Ware,

A hapless maiden sat,

Who deep oppress'd with love and care,

Bewail'd her wretched fate,

The stream in murmurs pur'd along,

While thus she mourn'd in plaintive song,

AIR. When Damon first dispos'd his tale,

And sought returns of love,

His breath was sweet as balmy gale,

Or fragrant smelling grove,

My ravish'd eyes rovd o'er the swain,

The loveliest youth e'er grac'd the plain,

What transport glow'd within my breast,

When Damon he was near,

Now anguish not to be express'd,

Since lies my faithless dear,

Camilla's

Camilla's charms the youth enchain,
She now enjoys my perjur'd swain.

The flow'ry fields can please no more,
Nor painted meadows gay,
Nor vernal breeze nor shady bow'r,
Nor all the sweets of May,
All pleas'd when Damon kind did prove,
The deep snow'd vale and frost tipt grove.
Ye gliding streams that gently flow,
Convey to him each tear,
Ye passing Zephirs waft my woe,
To cruel Damon's ear,
And tell the swain while thus he flies,
For him alone Pastora dies.

SONG LXI. On the King of Prussia's Birth-Day.

REC. **L**ET Europe now her unfeign'd praise give,
To Frederick's fame that will immortal live,
Attend ye heroes, matchless known in war,
Your laurels strew and deck the rolling car,
And O! ye Britons celebrate the day,
Tis he! 'tis Prussia's king deserves the lay.

A I R. Now o'er the wide the frightened world,
His noble martial valour flows,
With thunder arm'd grim death is hurl'd,
And sure destruction reach his foes.
Tho' many potent powers join
Their strength to stem his rapid stream,
Frederick has aid, 'tis aid divine!
And merit only fights for him.

REC. Like Ammon's son he numbers has subdued,
And victory floats on the deep stream of blood,
The mighty deeds done on pharsalia's field,
By glorious Frederick! Frederick is excell'd.

A I R. As time wheels round the whirling year,
May ev'ry birth-day prove like this,

Alike

Alike his foes shall fly with fear,
 And conquest give his arms success.
 May Austria bend beneath his frown,
 And Gallia tremble at his name.
 Pale envy's self his praises own,
 For praise and honour are his claim.
 Were all the world combin'd his foes,
 Such heroic virtues to oppose,
 In vain they'd raise supplies,
 The hand divine that leads him forth,
 Sustains him for his matchless worth,
 And Frederick still must rise.
 Ye Britons swell the chearful strain,
 To him the hero of the plain,
 Tis he that every bosom fires,
 Tis he th' astonish'd world admires.
 S O N G LXII. Miss Brent. Tune, As Faranella sung:

MISS Brent in dying strains
 Did favourite Polly tune,
 She pierc'd the coldest swains,
 They strait grew warm as June.
 Johnny upon the stairs
 Thought from all eyes secure,
 In transport drank her air's,
 Cry'd he she's an angel sure.
 Brisk Fanny from above,
 With ripe Hesperian fruit,
 Descends to shew her love,
 And thus began her suit.
 Dear John let us be quick,
 Your instrument explore:
 Her stuff will make you sick,
 Then she I'll please you more:
 John view'd the begging fair,
 Nor heeded Polly's trill;
 Fanny play'd a sweeter air,
 Her music did excell.

In loves gamut quite complear,
 From note, to note, they roll,
 Then say what's half so sweet
 As the music of the soul.

Breathless, they dying laid
 With rich excess of bliss,
 Fanny once more lent her aid,
 What beats the tune of this,
 Da, capo, John design'd
 To repeat the strain he try'd,
 Both being in the mind,
 Dissolv'd away and died.

S O N G LXIII. Tune, Silken Sammy.

When beauty tun'd my soul to love,
 I quickly did inconstant prove,
 Tho' charm'd by golden Guinea,
 For gold had then no pow'r to bind,
 To roving I was more inclin'd,
 So left my wealthy Jenny,
 As fashion forms the man of taste,
 I did not care the time to waste,
 With this, and that I'd dally,
 A Quaker stranger to all paint,
 I whin'd for her a zealous saint,
 My plain but well dress'd Sally.
 Soon I shook of the canting strain,
 And fickle I relapt again,
 In art so great my skill is,
 Next gaming claim'd me half a year,
 At whist at Quadrille always near,
 My shuffling dealing Phyllis,
 But at a ball one night I found,
 One in sweet measures beat the ground,
 She far excells the many,
 I quirted cards and swore my truth,
 And soon prevail'd upon her youth,
 My charming, bounding Fanny.

My vows I quickly broke once more,
 But did another's charms explore,
 I bid adieu, to folly,
 At length I got a charming wife,
 And now I'm happy mate for life,
 With lovely blooming Polly.

SONG LXIV. Tune, Scotch bonnet,

THE Greek and Roman poets wrote,
 Of this and that fair maid, sir,
 Of girls that were not worth a groat,
 Yet kings with them have laid, sir,
 Nay more they'll prove that from above,
 The mighty Jove descended,
 For what good lack? to have a smack,
 He oft with mortals blended.
 Fair Danae, was of earthly race,
 Alcmena, was the same, sir,
 And Jove wou'd often them embrace,
 When down from heav'n he came sir,
 With glory crown'd, he shone around,
 And this and that ador'd sir,
 With Juno sped, he cou'd not wed,
 But with e'm both he wou'd sir.
 When Mars, roll'd o'er the Thracian plains,
 He met a nymph most charming,
 His chariot stopt, he slack'd his reins,
 At beauty so alarming,
 The cottage maid, so it is said,
 He whip't her in his car sir,
 Then on they rode mortal and god,
 The devil knows how far sir,
 The next is Neptune, that I sing,
 The famous sea green god, sir,
 Anemone, he oft wou'd bring,
 Upon the briny flood, sir,

For her het'd flight, a goddess bright,
 The blooming one of Ida,
 Then quickly lead, to coral bed,
 The nymph of Argos, pride a.
 Wash'd by the circumambient sea,
 An Isle there is renown'd, sir,
 Where George he reigns and liberty,
 And plenty's ever found sir,
 The god like youth so fond of truth,
 A partner for his bed sir,
 A s'celitz came's the hero's claim.
 He'll none but merit wed sir.
 Then charge your glasses bumper high,
 Let Charlotte be the toast sir,
 Huzzaing till you reach the sky,
 May Britons, rule the roast sir,
 With such a queen, long may he reign,
 And wear the royal robe, sir,
 For such a king, who wou'd not sing,
 And fight with all the globe, sir.

SONG LXV.

I HAVE stay'd seven years for a spouse,
 And that's a long while, as times goes,
 To get one I'll try if I can,
 P'e beauty sufficient enough,
 P'n neither too smooth, nor too rough,
 I'm sure I can please any man.
 I'm sure that I dress in the taste,
 I glitter all o'er with French paste,
 To get a sweetheart if I can,
 My neck and my bosom all bare,
 I ogle, I fawn, and I stare,
 To get into wedlock a man.
 Sick stockings I wear you may see,
 With a good taper legg they agree,
 Still willing to please if I can.

With

With my petticoats rather too short,
 But that's for to give the youth sport,
 In hopes to be sure of a man.
 If money they want with these charms,
 To squeeze and embrace in their arms,
 To get it I'll try if I can.
 The Lott'ry it is my design,
 To be in this year fifty-nine,
 And a fortune will soon get a man.
 Should ten thousand pound be the prize,
 My beauty they'll raise to the skies,
 Then strive for to win me who can.
 I've trusted to head and to heel,
 I now only trust to the wheel,
 Ten thousand will get me a man.

SONG LXVI. On miss Nancy, tune Catherine Ogle.

MY Nancy fair, when you appear,
 How light my heart beats in me,
 When you're away, I cheerless strays,
 Nought from despair can win me,
 Myself I lose, all joys refuse,
 For thee my beauteous rover,
 Then prithee send, some comfort lend,
 To me your hapless lover.

If o'er the mead your sportive tread,
 Or view the stream swift gliding,
 Or thro' the vale you breath the gale,
 'Mongst flow'rs your sweets dividing,
 If prospects gay and month of May,
 Can please my fair one's fancy,
 Then think with me, how it must be,
 For thee my lovely Nancy,

Avoid the clowns upon the downs,
 'Tis death if they but view thee;
 A goddess they may well obey,
 But must not dare to woo thee,

Then leave the plains, and rural swains,
 And thine at court or city,
 None can excell, you bear the belle,
 There's none is half so pretty.

That wither'd arms, with golden charms,
 Invite to their embraces,
 The young must love the old approve,
 Your many wondrous graces,
 Then wait my strains to those dear plains,
 Each breeze to her I fancy,
 Tell her I live but to receive.
 In my arms my beauteous Nancy.

SONG LXVII.

CLOE has gold, and ev'ry charm
 For me, if I'd comply with ma'am,
 To leave my pipe, forsake my glass,
 (Shou'd I do this I wear an ass.
 O! fie! she cries,—the nasty beast!
 A gallon, sure he's drank at least,
 Yet not dismay'd, with stagg'ring pace,
 I hick-up,—and laugh in her face.
 I know she's handsome, tell her so,
 But then my bottle's charming too,
 The death of care, can riches boast?
 In flowing bowl, all error's lost.
 Cheers up the heart, and bids us prove
 As well as wine the joys of love,
 And whilst I swear its no disgrace,
 I hick-up and laugh in her face.
 Bacchus, with softer love combin'd,
 We're more than men, it lifts the mind,
 If Cloe frowns, small is the pain,
 Another glass I'm right again.
 Or if a smile spreads o'er her cheek,
 Inspir'd then I dare to speak,
 And whilst with wine I beauty chase,
 I hick-up and laugh in her face.

The wedlock chain with her I'll wear,
 But drink to banish ev'ry care,
 Shou'd Hymen bring domestic strife,
 With that I'm arm'd against a wife.
 To make amends for ev'ry ill,
 I'll have my joys that shall excell,
 I'll drink and run soft passions race,
 By turns I'll love my nymph and glass.

SONG LXVIII. Brussels Gazette,

Tune, My daddy my mammy my uncle my aunr,

I A M but fifteen yet I'd have you to know,
 A girl young and tender, I hate Britons foe,
 And lyers that falshood will ever advance,
 In praise of Hungary and bully of France,
 Now I've that fir's about me ensnares like a net
 Which for novelty sake, I call Brussels gazette,
 That Maubert's a lyar is known to all,
 He tells us of wonders with pen dipt in gall,
 When Prussia's brave monarch a vict'ry gains,
 To tell the reverse how he racks his poor brains
 But let him lye on, by it nothing he'll get,
 I discard him at once, from my &c.
 The parson when he's at a loss for his text,
 In consulting of me he's never perplex,
 He thumps well the cushion splits truth to a hair
 More devoutly he kneels when he's going to prayer,
 'Mongst the many that's striving my paper to get,
 He's welcome to read in my &c.

The Lawyer that bawls, till his lungs are quite sore,
 He's quickly at ease, when he knocks at my door,
 From the hall fir's retreating to spend a soft hour,
 Like mine for to draw him there's none has such power,
 On his law suits and writs then his thoughts are not set,
 His mind is more fix'd on my &c.

Here Wiggs by the great with his bolus and pills,
 Where a patient he cures, a couple he kills,

He comes in a coach fir as great as a lord,
And he calls for my paper too, at the first word,
But often being handled it looks black as jett,
Then the doctor he cleans up my &c.

The citizens longs for to read all the news,
Is never at ease till he does me peruse,
The Soldier and tar, that a letter can't tell,
When they come to my paper read excellent well,
Then the Tar and the Soldier, and dull plodding Citty,
Now and then may they read in my &c

I'm very ill us'd by the quill driving crew,
They survey me all round and pierce thro', and thro',
Not an article here but is critizis'd on,
Yet the poet he leaves me just as he begun,
But nevertheless when a Poet I get,
He's welcome to write in my &c.

Wou'd the youth on the throne, but deign to look down,
As most papers are read by the king and the clown,
I wou'd tell nought but truth nay I'd alter my plan,
To be read by the king fir and the first man,
Over Europe you'd see, what new credit I'd get,
Not long a Brussels, but English Gazette.

SONG LXIX. Tune, I go where glory leads me.

HARK! hark! the trumpet sounding,
And Mars calls forth to war,
Whilst shouts, the sky is wounding,
And banners wave in air.
The drums hoarse voice inspires
And cowards, valiant grow,
For deeds the bosom fires,
And points against the foe.

Hark! hear the distant roaring
Of brazen cannons loud,
See! men, on men, are pouring,
So throng the waring crowd.

Lo! Fame with wings expanded,
 The wreath bears o'er each head
 For conquest, such is handed,
 And honour's for the dead.
 On vict'ry, Britons mounting,
 They drive the foe along,
 Whilst bards their deeds recounting,
 Shall hail e'm in their song.
 To George the third, now reigning,
 The muse her tribute pays,
 May he be Gallia draining,
 Whilst plenty crown his days.

SONG LXX.

AS fair Cloe and I we walked thro' the grove,
 With each kiss still mingling a soft tale of love,
 Whilst the summer breeze fan'd us, the birds chanted round
 And sweet blooming flow'rs enamel'd the ground.
 Now said I, my dear girl, let's possession begin,
 But blushing, she smil'd, and cry'd who'd be fool then.
 I bid her behold the gay landscape in view,
 That winter's stern pow'r would summer subdue,
 Her beauties, tho' charming and blooming like May,
 The frost of old age too, would bring to decay,
 To yield the soft transport, I press'd her again,
 Yet blushing she smil'd and cry'd who'd be fool then.
 Would you then be honest, and love but with truth,
 E'er old age creeps on, we may triumph in youth,
 (Then points to a steeple, that rear'd 'bove the shade)
 How many poor maidens by men are betray'd,
 Let us taste first said I, no! no! my fond swain,
 When blushing, she smil'd, and cry'd who'd be fool then.
 I saw in her now still more charms than before,
 And trembling, I ventur'd unto the church door,
 We married, we bedded, what beauty can give,
 I from my dear Cloe with transport receive,

Have I done right, or wrong Sirs, I'll leave it to you,
For I know you can guess,—pray who's the fool now.

SONG LXXI. Sacrifice to Bacchus.

Rec. **T**HE rights begin! the awful moments come,
When silent ghost, glide to the deary tomb,
The midnight elves, the wanton fairy train,
With magick circles stamp the flow'ry plain,
To patron, Bacchus raise the cheerful sound,
This hour with pleasure, and with mirth be crown'd.

Cho. Then let your voices flow along,
'Tis patron, Bacchus claims your song.

Air. When all the Attic fires were fled,

Behold and see the well chose bowl,
That draws the sinile, and cheers the soul,
And all our sorrows banish,
The meagre god, intruding care,
To encounter him will never dare,
His presence makes him vanish.

Cho. Then let, &c.

Rec. Assist, assist, the bowl explore,
Put in the rich Hesperian juice,
To make it sweet, and please the more,
Jamaica, son's, did this produce,
And from the Epierian sacred spring,
Haste, haste, the poets liquor bring,
To old silence, charm the bowl,
Let potent Rum compleat the whole.

Cho. Then let, &c.

Air. Tune, Since you on me call for a song.

In pagan tale, there's Jove of old,
By petty gods surrounded,
From bowl of Bacchus grew more bold,
And warring giants wounded.
This nectar strong, makes old gods young,
And mortals makes immortal,

Jove knew no strife, but rul'd his wife,
 When they drank punch, or port, all.
 Cho. Then let, &c.

Air. Scotch Bonnet.

The cares, the grief, that fills the breast,
 Avaunt, began and leave us,
 Here ev'ry mortal's truly blest'd;
 Nought can of joy bereave us.
 The wedded dame, with all her aim,
 To wear the brigs must fail Sir,
 Take but your glass, you'll face the lass,
 And o'er her must prevail Sir.
 Cho. Then let your voices flow along,
 'Tis patron Bacchus claims your song.

SONG LXXII.

When Nancy joins the glittering fair,
 Upon the flow'ry green,
 None can so sweet so gay appear,
 To grace the sylvan scene,
 Her beauty piercing dazling bright,
 Such tender transports give,
 The wond'ring nymph's behold the sight,
 And swains in anguish live,
 All powerful love lend me thy aid,
 To sooth her virgin breast,
 Oh! let me clasp the charming maid,
 Be by her beauty's blest,
 Then to thy name shall alters rise,
 Another Cyprian grove,
 Shall Nancy rear by her bright eyes,
 And dedicate to love.

SONG LXXIII. Jimmy, Tunc, Mine and Jenny's

YOUNG Jimmy once a fickle swain,
 To cheat the fair with vows delighted,
 Each nymph around the sportive plain,
 His seeming pains they all requited.

First Cloe's charms became a prey,
 And soon the wanton prov'd a rover,
 Then Phillis fair, like Flora gay,
 Exclaims again the faithless lover.
 Next Sylva's love, the rustic scorn'd,
 And perjur'd prov'd to fair Evrella,
 With every blooming grace adorn'd,
 And slighted too the dear Camilla.
 So thus around the Shepherd rang'd,
 And sought the love of smiling Anny,
 As oft he won, as oft he chang'd,
 Alike he treated haughty fanny.
 But Susann's charms he then commends,
 The artful swain too oft did woo her,
 Until he had obtain'd his ends,
 Then vow'd she was her own undoer.
 But love at length the tyrant found,
 He now reflects upon his folly.
 No more he falsely flatters round,
 But is dying for disdainful Polly.

SONG LXXIV.

I OWN the fault for which I dye,
 And merit your disdain,
 And while I thus despairing lye,
 Of rigour ne'er complain.
 'Twere two much goodness still in you
 To pardon and forgive,
 Nor do I such desires pursue,
 And with in vain to live.
 Then from your eyes fierce lightnings dart,
 The perjur'd swain disown,
 To rive at once into my heart,
 And kill me with a frown.
 But when alone in death's cold arms,
 I do my breath resign,
 Think that I did adore your charms,
 And thought you all divine.

SONG

SONG LXXV. The Four Candidates,

Tune, High ho, turn'd into a cow,

F Our candidates once stood for parliament men,

To represent firs the fam'd London city

T—m H—y, and B—d, fir R— and G—n,

The laughter the beau the handsome the witty

Having got firs the day they went strait to the thames,

(Whilst congratulations, they pass on each other,

To see H—e, and M—y, for those were their names,

So bid the bold Triton, row o'er to the Borough,

But as pow'r superiour rules mortals below,

On the smooth stream alas! as they gently were tossing,

The scene chang'd o' th' sudden, and alter'd the show,

And behold o'er the fam'd river Styx they were crossing,

The sirly old Charon, quite green in his years,

On Styx gloomy shore, he soon landed his freight, fir,

The three headed Cerberus, pass without fear,

And quickly he led e'm quite up to hell gate, fir,

When ent'ring the cavern, what scenes met their view,

The d—d with their torments rung loud in their ears,

Of mechanical scoundrels, there was but a few,

But a d—na—e sight of your great men and peers.

On this side were those who their country had sold,

Still grasping the bribe, tho' by it they fell,

There misers who valued not else but their gold,

Their god here on earth who had sent them to hell,

When advancing they came to the devil at last,

Old Pluto he smil'd on his yet undead gentry,

Your welcome my friends, quoth the dark prince in haste,

Like you that come here, lo! there's not one in twenty,

Then the devil he whisper'd 'em all in the ear,

And pointing to mammon, surrounded with oar,

Bid 'em sell king and country and never to fear,

'Twas but coming to hell by his flame 'twas no more.

If

If women you love, here in hell you will find,
 Hungary's bold queen, Russia's empress and more,
 And to such men as you depend on't they'll be kind,
 Besides Kitty Fisher and fam'd Pompadour.
 But like honest Britons they answered the fiend,
 Your decays will not do, to draw virtue a bogg in,
 Your gold nor your madams, will answer no end,
 So to our lov'd country come let us be jogging.
 At their answer, all hell, then stood in amaze,
 To think that such great men were strangers to evil,
 Begone! said old Nick, d—me, quick go your ways,
 If you love your king better than gold or the devil.

SONG LXXVI.

I Met with Susan 't'other day,
 [A buxom girl she is]
 I found her sportive tull of play,
 She gave me kifs for kifs,
 So kind thought I, I can but try,
 (She'd put me in a glee,
 Said I my dear yon grove is near,
 I love ye, so says she,
 I labour'd in the cause of love,
 I canted swore and ly'd,
 And urg'd her to the secret grove,
 I'd make her too my bride,
 It wou'd not do for bonny Sue,
 Cry'd you'l be rude with me,
 No, no said I, come let us try,
 My love, no! no! says she,
 Thro' her disguise I quickly saw,
 'Twas but a feint no more,
 A winking eye, had power to draw,
 I've prov'd it on a score,
 When cloy'd with blifs she'd smiling kifs,
 And now then she'd cry,

But

But Hymen's bands shall join our hands
Shan't they love; so says I.

You talk'd of marriage, and you swore,
Your truth if I'd be kind,

But vows are false, they are no more,
And fickle as the wind,

But I'll believe you'll not deceive,
(For if you shou'd I'll dye,)

Then let's agree, and marry we,
What you, ay! no! not I.

S O N G LXXVII. Tune, I'll sing you a song it shan't
hold you long.

DRINK about my dear friend,
For I pray to what end,

Stand useless the full flowing bowl.

Leave your sorrow behind,

Give your cares to the wind,

And drink to each jolly brave soul.

For Alcides, the fam'd,

Who the monsters all tam'd,

And bound the stout porter of Hell,

Tho' immortal his line,

Had it not been for wine,

Might like them he conquer'd have fell,

Next Achilles the great,

Who fought at such rate,

He slew the great hec'tor of Troy.

'Twas the grapes potent juice,

Made him wonders produce,

And Priam's whole race did destroy.

Neoptollemus too,

The same steps did pursue,

And trac'd the fam'd heroes of Yore.

He'd in drinking relax,

And then Pyrrus's acts,

Where great as his father's before.

And

And Ulysses the fly,
 Had been drinking for why,
 When the Trojan Paladium he stole.
 For his foolish thoughts sprung
 If e'er Ajax but sung,
 The charms of a sparkling full bowl.
 Since in drinking we find,
 There's a charm for the mind,
 Let Bacchus then join in this strain.
 Drink my lads, drink about,
 Let us see the bowl our,
 And once more we'll fill it again.

SONG LXXVIII On Mrs. L. L. at Sixty.

FAIR Delia, fair as in your prime,
 How is it thus you baffle age,
 Defy the force and length of time,
 Protecting charms against its rage.
 We gaze with transport on your face,
 That can such opening charms display,
 With each perfection ev'ry grace,
 When sixty years has roll'd away.
 The roses mixt with lillies play,
 And to our souls soft raptures give,
 Still wond'ring how you beam each ray,
 And keep perfection still alive.
 Let youthful beauties boast in vain,
 Each short-liv'd fleeting transient charm,
 Delia does powerful time disdain,
 And all devouring age disarm.

LXXIX. A Buck's Song, Tune, Roast beef of Old England.

When ask'd for a song sir I quickly obey,
 I set of all joys you see me how gay,
 When the bucks are the theme, I'll make no delay,
 O! the brave Bucks of Old England, &c.

Yours

Your widows and wives, and each pretty maid,
By a true hearty Buck yet was never betray'd,
Which makes 'em so wanton they're all running mad.
For he, &c.

Should a top all be powder'd but dare to approach,
And on some dear charmer sweet favours incroach,
She'd the empty thing scorn, from a Buck take a broach.
O! the &c.

The courtier brimful of his country's disgrace,
He may languish in vain for beauty's sweet face,
The Buck is his rival and turns out his grace.
O! the &c.

Should the lawyer first cousin Satan but dare,
With his great bushy wig to touch the curl'd hair
Of Jenny,—she'd cry your no Buck,—so forbear.
O! the &c.

The doctor's refus'd when he offers his unction,
Tho' he cracks and he stumps of his great & high function,
But how they're all pleas'd when the Buck shows his
O! the &c. [truncheon.

The miser who's idol is nought but his riches,
Is oftimes repuls'd, when the fair he beseeches,
But with the brave Bucks they leap hedges and ditches.
O! the &c.

These different parties, I here would advise,
Approve Buckanism, a Doe is your prize,
For the girls love the Bucks as they do their own eyes:
O! the &c.

LXXX. CANTATA.

ONE day as John and Hal, two shepherd swains,
Their flocks together drove across the plains,
Beneath a shade, fair Indiana lay,
Just at the time the Rustic's past that way,
Two heedless, thoughtless, swains, onwards they goes,
And stumbled on the lovely maids repose,

They

They started with surprize, but could not speak,
 John frighted, star'd at Hal, Hal gap'd at Jack,
 When thus the frowning nymph did silence break.

Unthinking swains prepare to fly,
 For know I'm love and destiny,
 And that you'll know too soon,
 What motive was't could bring you here,
 Ye senceless louts, strait disappear,
 Nor gaze on beauty's noon,
 You've wak'd me from such real joy,
 Your solid selves, could near supply.

Hal silent stood, tears in his eyes,
 Bus Jack roar'd out with loudest cries,

My busting heart must vent,
 I'll hang myself, for I'm undone
 Says Hal, na prithe don't you Jan,
 Lets drown us in the brent,

Or jump from off of yonders hill,
 And break our necks, ay, so we will.

But first let's try a word or so,
 Mayhap she may forgive us tho'

Says Jan, ay, prithe do.

He wip'd his eyes, and made a bow,
 And would have spoke, but knew not how,

Then said pray Hal do you,

You know I cannot speak one word,
 And now my heart will break, O lard.

Lo Strephon gay, did on the plains appear,
 Sweeping the flow'r rob'd way to meet the fair,
 With joy the nymph now gaz'd upon the clowns,
 With brow serene, had chang'd to smiles her frowns,
 Go gentle pair said she, no long grieve,
 Go tend your flocks, for I your pardon give.

Had Strephon in that moment came,
 And ketch'd me in the blissful dream,
 Ah, me, unhappy maid.

With burning transport should I prove,
 The fatal crime of lawlets love,
 And honour, victim laid.
 Now Strephon, 'tis my turn to boast,
 A conquest, which if I had lost,
 I'd lost thee Strepon too,
 My honours safe, my swain approves,
 With safety Indiana loves,
 And each, to each are true.

SONG LXXXI.

ONE day as in my cottage I,
 Blest'd with content, and thought secure,
 Ne'er dreamt of any danger nigh,
 Or future cares I should endure.
 When bold Mirtillo rear'd the latch,
 And stepping into me drew near,
 Said I; (and pointing to the hatch)
 Be gone, you have no business here.
 But like the winds that fleet our plains,
 The swain unheedfully came on,
 Then snatch'd a kiss, but for his pains,
 I chid him, and he'd quickly done.
 So rude, your distance keep, rash youth,
 Away this instant disappear,
 But spoke quite foreign from the truth,
 Be gone you have no business here.
 Strait on his knee Mirtillo fell,
 He wept, he sigh'd, he gaz'd, he lov'd,
 And told me such a piteous tale,
 My tender heart his faith approv'd.
 Thus happy in the charming swain,
 I'm wrapt in joy if he appear,
 'Twas he that taught me love's sweet pain,
 'Tis only he has business here.

SONG LXXXII.

BRIGHT sol was in his noon day blaze,
 And darted fierce refulgent rays,
 When Damon, Cloe did intreat,
 With him to shun the sultry heat.
 There be a tale of love wou'd tell,
 If she'd consent thou'd please her well,
 A flame her beauty long had nurs'd,
 The maid reply'd,—a long while first.
 Said he where beauty crowns the fair,
 So pity likewise shou'd be there,
 Your matchless charms to all are known,
 Your love confine to one alone.
 Let me dear maid that favour find,
 And as you've beauty so be kind,
 Or else my love, my heart will burst,
 Yes so say I,—a long while first.
 The shepherd thus implor'd the maid,
 With ev'ry art in vain essay'd,
 Loves language did but faintly speak,
 Till Hymen did the favour seek.
 Said she if Damon's faithful arms,
 Wishes for to enfold these charms,
 Let wedlock prove you true and just,
 It need not be,—a long while first.

SONG LXXXIII. On Fanny Murray.

OUR fickle bards to make 'em sport,
 From Myra's charms that shine at court,
 To rural doll's they hurry.
 Let them alternate beauties paint,
 A constant muse I mean to chant,
 And stick to Fanny Murray.
 When first I took a distant view,
 My fainting spirits quick withdrew;
 My heart beat in a hurry.

But when I near approach'd her rays,
 'Twas hard to bear the dazzling blaze,
 To gaze on Fanny Murray.

Shou'd Phœbus, wisdom's god divine,
 And with him all his fav'rite nine,

Strait from Parnassus hurry,
 Tho' soaring on Pegasus wing,
 To aid each other, cou'd not sing,
 The charms of Fanny Murray.

More sweet then sweetest Evening gales,
 But words want pow'r description fails,

Whilst crowding thoughts will hurry,
 I'll here break off, I can no more,
 All I can say is, I adore,

The charming Fanny Murray.

SONG LXXXIV.

TIS all in vain to bring the rose,
 Or in the bud, or when it blows,

Or pluck the ripen'd berry,
 Such simile's fruit meaner fair,
 All nature self cannot compare,
 With beauteous Amy Terry.

She beauty adds to ev'ry flow'r,
 'Tis the perfumes the rosy bow'r,
 And sweetness gives the cherry,
 The zephyrs steal her balmy breath,
 The poet gains immortal wreath,
 From beauteous Amy Terry.

Since all that sweet and lovely are,
 Is center'd in the matchless fair,
 Who's gen'rous, free and merry,
 What raptures must the happy swain,
 Possess that does the fair obtain,
 The beauteous Amy Terry.

SONG LXXXV. Cock Lane Ghost.

YE Bucks and ye bloods, at Bob Derry's renown'd,
 Ye witty and dull, and ye choice spirits crown'd,
 Come yield up the palin, you no longer can boast,
 Subjected to Fanny, the queen of a ghost.
 Repair then with speed, (since the case is quite plain)
 And hear the choice spirit that knocks in Cock-lane.

Ye Butterfly fops that mind nothing but drefs,
 Where wit's been long starv'd, on your dull emptiness,
 Your dear sister **Phantom** come hitner and view,
 For Fanny's no more than a shadow like you.
 Repair then all you with more feather than brain,
 And hear the choice spirit that knocks in Cock-lane.

The galen read Doctor, who scratches his head,
 May hear how dear Fanny can scratch now the's dead,
 Ask questions, if poison, she dy'd by or pox,
 If negative, scratch,—if affirmative, knocks,
 Repair then ye long heads with more wigthen brann,
 And hear the choice spirit that knocks in Cock-lane.

Ye learned in law, that can change this to that,
 As Proteus of old, from a dog to a cat,
 When cause is mysterious, come pray tell me now,
 Can Fanny best puzzle a cause, or can you,
 Repair you, who clients, full pockets can drain,
 And hear the choice spirit that knocks in Cock-lane.

Ye spirits that knocks round the garden each night,
 Ye scarlet coat ghosts who've no spirit to fight,
 The poor husband's spirit, the shrew of a wife,
 Who'll natur'd wou'd scratch a Man out of his life.
 Repair here and mingle with folly's wide train,
 And hear the choice spirit that knocks in Cock-lane.

Ye fairies at midnight that trip round the ring,
 The hobgoblins come, and your **Phantom** train bring,
 Nay fear not the clergy, whoever they be,
 They canot now lay a ghost in the Red Sea.
 Ye choice spirits club now with Fanny maintrain,
 With a concert of scratching and knocks in Cock-lane.

SON :

SONG LXXXVI. On the game of Draughts.

OF all the games that's now in vogue,
 In high life or in low,
 Where some play fair, some play the rogue,
 The fair one, and the beau.
 The game at Draughts must ever please,
 It ever will excell,
 And Millar, at the Cheshire Cheese,
 He bears away the bell.
 On Birth-day night, at court they play,
 Where lords and ladies shine,
 And hazard all their gold away,
 And that which makes 'em true.
 That hazard is a losing game,
 Some to their cost can tell,
 And you at draughts will do the same,
 While Millar bears the bell.
 There's Whist is now the city taste,
 And Cribbage cobbler's game,
 And many more the time to waste,
 Of faithless Gallick name.
 Here's one likes this, another that,
 At both there's some excell,
 But now come to draughts there's Millar great,
 Will bear away the bell.
 The gen'ral here his skill may shew,
 Lead on and back his men,
 With artful moves, elude the foe,
 Or safe retreat again.
 Then soldiers come and learn this art,
 Who would in fight excell.
 The game will pleasure soon impart,
 From France you'll bear the bell.
 The lover plays a fickle game,
 The prude a losing one,

The statesman seldom mends the same,
The law wins all or none.

The bruiser, broken bones may get,
Who the boxing game knows well,
At draughts I'll lay you all a bett,
Will Millar bears the bell.

There's many games in life are play'd,
And fly ones too they say,
Who yester night, by winning's made,
Perhaps may lose to day.
Not till a move's made by old gruff,
That toll's the doleful knell,
Shall master Millar stand the huff,
And yield to death the bell.

SONG LXXXVII: O! the Knights of Britain,

SINCE arms were productive of honour's applause,
Bold Britons, stood ever the foremost in Fame,
Where the bold youth of Greece, and Cæsar gave laws,
Now tremble around at Britannia's dread name.
Ch. Then to George and Charlotte your glasses fill round,
(Where's the isle such a king and a queen to be found,)
And to brave british knights that will dangers explore,
To guard all our rights, and keep France from our shore:
On ocean's fair bosom, where thames rolls his streams,
The glory of Britain, exulting now rides,
As Sol o'er this earth he sheds glorious his beams,
So o'er the wide waves great George he presides.
From climes oriental due homage is paid,
And all their proud Monarchs their tributes send o'er,
America too and wild Africk with Trade
Enrich all our streams whilst others run poor.
From yon azure sky by the Horizon bound
Lo fame where she trumps the glad tidings abroad,
And time, ancient time, is pleas'd in his round,
The deeds of bold Britons with truth to record.

SONG

SONG LXXXVIII. Tune, Shawnbree.

COME here wits and boobies, your home cits and
loobies,

Attend to the strains I'm advancing,
Come here all ye Lasses with sweet pretty faces,
Who love piping, singing and dancing,
The time now is come, when with trumpet and drum,
(Whose sounds I perceive here have brought ye.)
To spread forth the fame of a great man and dame,
King George and his Consort Charlotte.

Before the queen came, it's well known to fame

The virgins in London were plenty,
Now alter'd the case is, and she who strait laces,

Is no maid I'll take two to twenty,
What girl could deny, a lover when by,
(And shyness by all thou'd forgot be,)

O! explain as the light. you all on that night,
Your maidenheads lost with Charlotte.

Among some of you, you'll find my words true,
And nine months my song you'll remember,
Then you'll heave sob and sigh, and windle and cry,
Oh! the man he sung truth in September,
But since apes you'd not lead, do encourage the breed,
And providence she'll good allot ye,
If a boy the king's name, if a girl your to blame,
If you don't call her pretty Charlotte.

SONG LXXXIX. Tune, Up stairs. down stairs.

Young Johnny was a lovely lad,
And Jenny was his sweeten,
They many a pleasant frolick had,
Oft between the sheeting.
Till Jenny's apron grew so short,
Half way her legs were seen a,
By being often at the sport.
She look'd a little queen a.

Now Jenny's mother she wou'd know,
 How came her apron tighten'd,
 Which quickly she resolv'd I trow,
 At first tho' something frighten'd,
 My Johnny is a bonny lad,
 I'm sure he'd please my mother,
 His bagpipes made my heart full glad,
 And ise ca him the father.

Go seek the lad that play'd the tune,
 Away I say and gang thee,
 For now thy B—y's at high noon,
 Shou'd father knew't he'd hang thee
 Perswade the lad to go to Kirk,
 For ay! for e'er to hold thee,
 That will make clean this dirty work,
 Thy dad will never scold thee,
 Then Johnny cross'd it o'er the heath,
 And tript it o'er the meadow,
 When Jenny's mother in a breath,
 Accost the bonny lad o,
 Behold my daughter thou has spoil'd,
 And ise ken thee for father,
 Then make a wife now of my child,
 And happy live together,
 What e'er thee with what e'er ye crave.
 It shall not long be wanted,
 Her dad and I once in the grave,
 All will to thee be granted,
 Then mother look, Ise take her now,
 And to the Kirk strait hand her,
 And if Ise made her ill I trow,
 Looka! now Ise mend her.

SONG XC.

H E. WELL met Emelia, beauteous maid,
 I saw you as you cross'd the mead,
 And hasted here on wings of love,
 Your favour or your scorn to prove,
 Long, long I've felt your beauty's pow'r
 For you I anguish ev'ry hour.

S H E. Ah! swain was fair Belinda here,
 As much to her you wou'd declare,
 You men can praise, each face you meet,
 And still we find you all deceit,
 Ne'er in your breast is love the while,
 You're form'd to flatter and beguile.

H E. Believe me true thou lovely fair,
 My passion is beyond compare,
 Such charms as thine make conquest sure,
 And light a flame for ever pure.
 What e'er thy virgin wish can crave,
 'Tis but to speak your sure to have.

S H E. First as a proof you love me so,
 Do you design to wed or no,
 Why start you thus, 'tis plain I see,
 This is your boasted faith to me,
 But swain I plainly see the snare,
 I can be virtuous too and fair.

H E. Such sounds for ever let me hear,
 They're music, and they charm my ear.

S H E. And I am happy in my swain,
 Nor envy ought around the plain.

B O T H. Then Hymen's sacred bands shall tye
 The nuptial knot of love and joy.

(80)
SONG XCI.

AS Jove from his throne,
On this earth he look'd down,
Fam'd Albion the godhead explor'd,
For valour renown'd,
With each virtue crown'd,
One bliss her sons only deplor'd.
Strait Hermes he sent,
With a kind compliment,
And his message to Venus he brings,
Bid her quick deck the dame,
Fair Charlotte by name,
A bride for the greatest of kings.
Swift the goddess she flew,
And to Paphos withdrew,
She the graces pick'd up by the way,
From her sweet rosy bow'r,
She cull'd ev'ry flow'r,
And dress'd her in love's soft array.
Her eyes were love's dart,
That conquers all hearts,
Her eye brows were arch'd by his bow,
On her cheek roses laid,
Her curl'd ringlet play'd,
On her neck white as lilly below.
Her lips moist with dew,
From Ida she drew,
The cherry too, there stands confess'd,
Her breath like Zephir's blow,
On hill or rising snow,
A bosom where George only's blest'd.
Then Venus she led,
To her once offer bed,
Charlotte posses'd of her charms,
Neptune o'er the foaming brine,
Brought the nymph so divine,
George receiv'd her to his longing arms.

SONO

SONG XCII. Tune, Juggy's Labour.

A HERO famous and renown'd
 Has do'd his fighting jacket,
 And only now is to be found
 On plains of fam'd Newmarket.
 Retir'd from great fatigue of war,
 His country thinks 'twill please her,
 Is not that better Sir's, by far,
 Then crossing of the w—r.
 Let those go fight with carcase small,
 Your slender tops so gay Sir,
 They need not fear a Cannon ball,
 They're like th' edge of a razor.
 But his unweildy p—h god wot,
 Was safe when back at H—ge,
 For well Sir's might a single thot,
 Let out his Y—ts and G—ge.
 To see the courfers stretch along,
 He rolls in fix and landau,
 Then mingles with the knowing throng,
 As once he did at H—o.
 A certain M—ll play'd quite sly,
 He made the H—o stagger,
 And how it was I know not why,
 He took away his D—r.
 The beats run high, and many were
 To see the manly sporting,
 The white H—le was without compare,
 And well was worthy noting.
 But unsuccessful in the race,
 Loud sounds the G—k cackle,
 I'll mend Bird, to fright his G—s,
 And Banger's beat by Pickle.

SONG XCIII.

BArds praise no more each wanton belle,
Your things that trip it in the mall,
Egad! 'tis most uncivil,
Come join with me the waybling strain,
Whilst eccho, gives the sound again,
Of blooming Nancy N—l.

That she has magic in her eyes,
Some charms in sight, some secret lies,
Is true, or I'm a Devil,
To bring a lilly, or a rose,
Or such a thing, is like her Nose,
Dear, sir, 'tis Nancy N—l.

With groves and meads and purling rills,
Each sap-skull wit, his dirty fills,
And robbing is an evil,
She steals no perfumes from the fields,
Yet every scented odour yields,
So sweet is Nancy N—l.

That she's a wit, and just so tall,
With such a leg, her waist so small,
Good gods! why what the devil!
From every one she bears the bell,
And must herself, herself excel,
To beat Miss Nancy N—l.

SONG XCIV. Tune, My Husband's to Jamaica gone

AURELIA, like the nymph of old,
Receives each youthful commer,
'Tis not for love, 'tis more for gold,
At that she's a nice hummer.
But in return she's hum'd again,
Got a boy as big as I am,
As tho' she'd kiss'd on Trojan plain,
With bastard getting Priam.
Not Jove himself such skill has shewn,
Tho' many forms be varied,

When

When he explor'd the copper town,
 And his love scheme he carry'd,
 Rich with immortal jewels hung,
 He rain'd a golden show'r,
 And Danae, to the god she clung,
 Within the dardan tow'r.

But from that stol'n dear embrace,
 Medusa's empire ended,
 The boy sprung from immortal race,
 Her earthly manners mended,
 Yet Aurey's boy's as great as he,
 The valiant hitting perſus,
 Or 'other son of Jove d'y 'see,
 He who commands the Thirſſes.

But then here's of a modern day,
 Another son of thunder,
 Whose mother's self can serpents slay,
 And quickly bring 'em under.
 No one could surely get the boy,
 It calls the town for father,
 Unless it was an Irish joy,
 His mother's gig did bo'ther.

S O N G XCV. On Sally.

HOW shall I sing the beamy ray,
 That darts from lovely Sally,
 Or tell her sweets, like fragrant May,
 Or Zephirs in the valley,
 Or thou'd I climb the rising hill,
 And with the muses dally,
 She wou'd surpass their utmost skill,
 So beauteous is my Sally.
 Her lips, her cheeks, her sparkling eye,
 With silent rapture fill us,
 When e'er she scorns, the swain must dye,
 An angel sure can kill us,

Paris had left Ænone fair,
 In the Idalian valley,
 And Spartan's queen, tho' form'd so rare,
 Had he but seen my Sally,
 In vain is all attempts to praise,
 We're lost in soft Idea,
 She charms so sweet ten thousand ways,
 And gives us hope with fear,
 Ah! wou'd the nymph but deign to shine,
 (How I the beaux wou'd rally,
 And clasp me in her arms divine,
 I'd live and die with Sally,

S O N G XCVI. Tune, I'm come to buy a heart of thee.

W Here Zephirs sweep their breezy gales,
 And fragrant blooms perfumes the vales,
 With varied sweets, gay nature charms,
 But not like those in Anna's arms,
 The softly dimpling stream that plays,
 Meand'ring sweetly murmuring strays,
 More soft then that, or cooing dove,
 Is Anna, when she says I love.
 The rain congeal'd, by north winds blown,
 (Enamour'd of the frigid Zone)
 Boast less their fleecy snowy white,
 Then Anna's rising bosom bright.
 The summer's spreading blushing rose,
 On Anna's cheeks superiour glow,
 Her lips assume the cherry's hue,
 And moisten'd with Apria's dew,
 Who views her neck the lillie bows,
 And Cupid's soft has arch'd her brows,
 Apollo beams darts from her eyes,
 And hapless swains by Anna eyes.

CANTATA

XCVII. CANTATA.

R E C E T I V A.

BE H O L D the various turns of life,
 The protean scenes of martial strife,
 The sam'd Czarina's now no more,
 And Austria worse than heretofore,
 Two names in concord chyme,
 Se relenting Russia,
 Does like a happy rhyme,
 Harmonies with Prussia,
 Tinkling guitar.

Push boldly ye Hero's, and be virtues friend,
 And ne'er let oppression so vile gain its end,
 The injur'd protect with your bright ranks of war,
 Make famous your Peter, the grand Russian Czar,
 Hungaria's hard heart, by which thousands have dy'd,
 Let burst and be d—d, now down with her pride,
 Shew virtue triumphant in victory's car,
 Make famous your Peter, the grand Russian Czar.

R E C.

Ye bards the loving couplets join,
 The laurel and the myrtle twine,
 The wounds of Europe soon shall heal,
 And peace encase the blood dy'd steel,
 When Frederic,—Peter,—quels the foe,
 As George has brought the monfieurs low,
 Tune, Troy Town.

Distant America's now subject strand,
 Poor Lewis sadly does bewail,
 Where Amherst conquers all the land,
 And o'er soup megre does bewail.
 Where e'er we go pale Frenchmen runs,
 Afraid to face the British guns.

R E C.

R E C.

But France had yet some hope, tho' it was not much,
That Martinico govern'd was by De la Touch.

Murdock O Blany.

[boats

But Monckton and Rodney they quickly now man'd their
Speedily too, they made for the shore, [notes,
And with the brave fellows they likewise did land their
Music that round all the Island did roar,
Tars swearing and bragging,
Huzzaing and dragging.

The cannon which frighten'd poor Monsieur full sore,
Up hills, over rocks too to ligh,
All fearless of danger they go,
Which made De la Touch for to fly,
For the touch of a Briton's a blow,

S O N G XCVIII. Tune, dear Ally,

Here was a young lass, and her name it was Lydia,
And there was a spark who wou'd fain be her Kiddy,
The graces around her, were all so alarming,
That this was his disinal tone both night and morning.
Water, water, or rope, or fire, —
Shall end my cares, if I han't my desire:

With tears in his eyes, he went to her and toll her,
He lik'd her much better, than if she was older,
And nought but her frowns, their pleasures should hinder,
The flames of her eyes burnt his heart to a tinder,
Bless me, bless me, smile on me Lydia,
Or death is my doom, if you frown on poor Kiddy.

How can you determine so soon for to kill me,
Whose neck is white as the bear in piccadilly,
Your lips are as red as a raw piece of mutton,
Undress'd, I wou'd fain mouth, I'm such a damn'd glutton,
Kiss me, kiss me, kiss and hug me,
Oh! that I was just now in bed, so snug w'ye.

Kind

Kind hearted, she hug'd him, and kiss'd him so clever,
 And will you now love your poor Lydia for ever,
 For ay! say the boy, with rapture grown stronger,
 For ever and ever, for ever and longer,
 Yielding, melting, her eyes sweetly languish,
 And eas'd both herself, and her Kidd, of his anguish.
 With pleasure they meet, and love serves up the banquet.
 Their loves are not cloy'd, for they both are quite rank
 yet,

He so well play'd his part, it was far from a sham, a,
 And nine months they say, will prove poor Lidd, a mamma,
 Lover's, lover's. from them take a pattern,
 Each gay belle,—and beau,—sloven,—and slattern.

XCIX. C A N T A T A.

Tune, I'm come to buy a Heart of thee,

BENEATH a shade, beside a stream,
 That helps the melancholy theme,
 Soft purling on with gentle flow,
 That adds unto the lovers woe,
 With grief fraught notes, and falt'ring tongue,
 'Twas thus the poor Lawrano sung.

A I R.

Was ever swain so lost as I,
 Or such a wretch beneath the sky,
 Bestena tails, and palas!
 Am wi' her'd like the mountain grass,
 When first I did her beauties gaze,
 With rapture saw her dazzling blaze,
 Such charms that soar above compare,
 By her we guess what angels are.
 Around the dazy spangled mead,
 We've sported oft with blithsome tread,
 Those happy moments wing their way,
 And hope withdraws her drawing ray.

When

When western rays, brought evening on,
 Retseena was my softer sun,
 She's winter's emblem, now to me,
 And chills with colder breath than he.
 My lonely nights no comfort give,
 For her I'd dye, for her I'd live,
 Soul vexing anguish lends her hands,
 And jealousy tormenting stands.
 Oh! happy youth, Charlenothine,
 Is the maid, despair is mine,
 Yet triumph not thou gentle swain,
 If great's thy bliss,—great is my pain.

SONG C.

On the society, that call themselves senators of Rome, as
 it was perform'd by the author, and co. on their first
 grand festival.

R E C.

WHEN Priam fell with all his race,
 A victim to fair Helen's face,
 Anchices son, so much renown'd,
 For piety, (with virtue being crown'd,)
 His god's domestic bore,
 From Asian ground,
 To fair Italia's shore,
 Did Troy's remains from dire perdition save
 And fixt his happy spot, near Tibers wave,
 Tune, When all the attic fire was fled,
 New Rome her infant virtue dawn'd,
 Whilst neighb'ring states her pow'r scorn'd,
 And arm'd for to oppose.
 Tho' weak her arm she drew the sword,
 Like light'ning swift her vengeance pour'd,
 And law gave to her foes.

CHORUS.

Like Rome, ye Britons, Gallia face,
 And vict'ry will your courage trace.

Rec.

Rec. Their martial flame diffuses o'er,
 Fair Albion's sons,
 Lo France now trembling on her shore,
 The Briton thuns.

Tune, Rous'd Europe now is up in arms,
 Trace back afar, the sacred page,
 Britons have seen a glorious age,
 Rome fan'd the spars the bosom glow'd,
 Of British hero's dy'd in blood,
 Full well the Faulchion did they wield,
 And ev'ry peasant sav'd his field,

Cho. Great actions Briton's souls inspire,
 Britannia, feels the Roman fire,

Rec The Cyclop's fam'd in fictious tale,
 Where first that form'd the wounding steel,
 Vulcan from men soon found employ,
 Perfidious men, that men destroy,
 Thus arm'd for death they each oppose,
 Then liberty, a goddess rose,

Tune, Come Britannia shake thy lance,

B'ooming liberty advance,

Hast bring with thee in thy train,
 Gifts not known to tyrant France,

Sister peace, bring home again,
 When peace, our courage shall regain us,
 Plenty's horn, shall spring spontaneous.

Rec. Hail liberty! to thee we bow,
 None knew thee once, as Britons now,
 Air. Be constant to the matchless dame,
 For truth and valour shine in fame,
 Here fix the spot, here freedom rest.
 And with her charms inspire the breast.

